

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

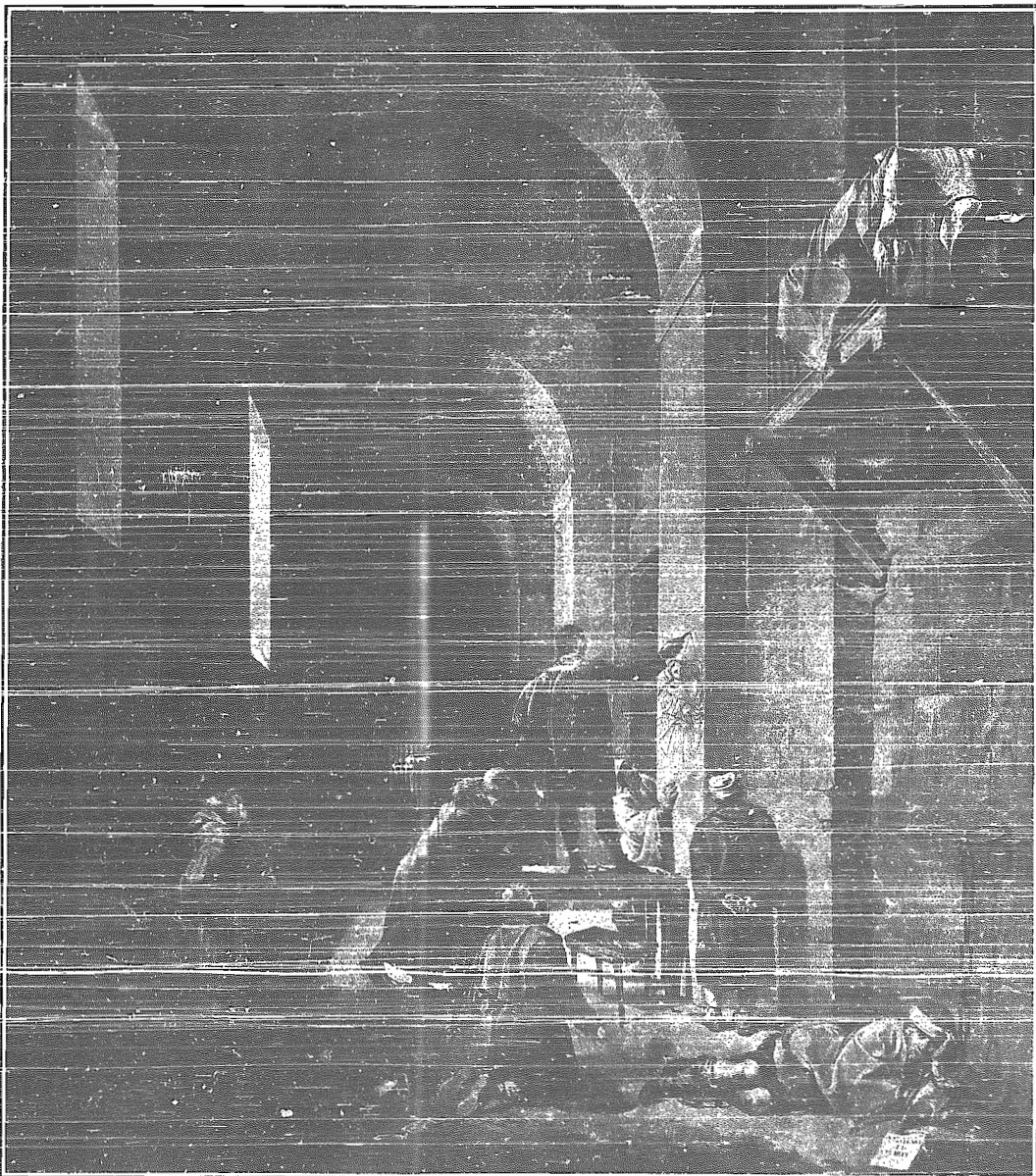
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THE BIRTH OF A REVIVAL.

(See article on page 4.)

GINGER BILL.

WAS sitting at my desk in Headquarters, struggling with that half a dozen interpretations that left of an originally not very robust inspiration, when once more I was forced to answer a somewhat timid knock at the door with perhaps a little impatient "Come in!"

The door opened slowly, and an unpleasantly blank appeared at the opening.

"Am I disturbing you, Cap.?" said a rusty voice, which I immediately recognized. "For if you are busy I can come again, you know; my time is my own—as per usual."

"No, no; come in; I am glad to see you; in fact, I have been wondering where you have been so long."

The figure which encouraged by this invitation now appeared in all its raggedness and settled down as comfortably near the radiator as possible, stretching out a pair of big, blue-furred fists towards its warming coils, was one of a list of interesting characters with whom acquaintance I had made on different occasions in my expeditions to the slums and lodging-house districts of the city. He was a big, strong young fellow, an outcast of his own kind, of no particular distinction, prepossessing; the owner of a rich vein of humor and a lumpy faculty of always taking things at their brightest—a gift which his outward circumstances rendered all the more exceedingly valuable to himself. In the circle where he mainly shone, he generally went under the name of Ginger Bill, and there was much in him that made the name sound appropriate. He was a mixture of good and bad; a product of city life in its most unfortunate aspect; a fellow whose inherent, roving restlessness never had been influenced by the most powerful restraints, and who, consequently, drifted aimlessly and unconcernedly along with other fates and jetsam on the turbid stream of city life.

"Well, Bill," I said, "you don't look as if life had dealt gently with you of late. And where have you been since we last met, if I may enquire?"

Ginger Bill smiled a bit sheepishly, then threw me a quick glance.

A Spell in the Cooler.

"Don't you know I've had a spell in the cooler, maybe—no? Yes, that's a fact; I have been in awful beastly luck lately. I got sent back from the island. It seems to be worse'n ever. As now, for instance, this week; honest, I have walked the streets now three nights, and it is no fun this time of the year, and with all these rags I've got on to keep the cold out."

If previous experiences hadn't taught me to take most of Ginger Bill's statements with a grain of salt, I might have been more shaken at this declaration. For in the little time outside; the past days we had been favored with a wind as cutting as a blade, and sharp enough to penetrate garments quite different from the rags that, only imperfectly covered poor Bill's thin frame.

"What you tell me is very sad, Bill," I remarked feelingly. "But, really, how did you get run in this time?"

"Well, Cap, it was a—excuse me, hog and a half—was a thing that I got got pinched for, that it was. If I do get nabbed I like to have done something, but this time I hadn't done more'n no; I was as innocent as the babe in the woods, and I was a comrade to go rid of two or three overcoats at a pawnshop down the Bowery."

I may not have looked very convinced, for Bill continued eagerly:

"Yes, honest, Cap. It's true as I live. You know Doc Herman, that student that was in the hospital with the rheumatics last year? Well, he an' a tailor that he met there, an' a few other fellows, had got onto a lovely scheme, and they got me into it, too. They'd go round to charitable people an' get hold o' old overcoats and jackets; that was a dead easy graft, for they looked as if they needed 'em. And then, when they'd got 'em all up, an' take off the spots and ink up the edges, and make 'em look first

rate—fit for de French ball almost; an' then they'd soak 'em—as slick a dodge as ever was. Of course, it took a fellow with some gas to palm 'em off on Uncle. It isn't everybody that can make the Shetler cough up the dough. Some fellows, they go in as hush. As if they were going to pop the question to their best girl, and they put the thingamajigs down on the table, an' don't say a word, an' then that the old Jew doctor, you need to look at 'em to see they're suckers. Oh, no! That won't do in this game! You must have

The Gift of Gab—

give 'em a story, soak it to 'em—make 'em see you're a duck that knows what's what. I have always been a good hand at bluffing, anyway; so I naturally took to that part of the game. I tell ya, Cap, it was all right; it was like finding money."

"But you were going to tell me about the island? It seems to me there was nothing you could exactly call criminal in this 'business' of yours, was there?"

"No, no; cert, Cap, but I'm coming to that. You see, I had nothing to do with getting the clothes; the other fellows did that; all I had to do was to tell 'em where the goods were ready. So one fine day as I was going down Bowery ways with a couple of the pants and a coat, I see a cop eyeing me kind o' suspicious like. I see he knows enough, the red-headed lobster, but I say, 'Get lost! What's the use o' running away? That'll only queer the game right here; let's bluff it out!' So I walks across the street whistling like a good feller who he knows he's safe, and I just stops up outside a tobacco shop right behind the grafter and looks at things in the window. Well, up comes the cop and asks me what I've got there."

"Oh, here?" I says. "Would you like to know? You must think you're the Mazet Committee! You just patrol your beat and don't atterk your Irish nose in honest people's business. However, my bluff wasn't stiff enough, he he picked me up right and when I told the whole story to the judge, and they began noosing around that feller, Herman, couldn't give 'em the pedigree of every blessed bit of clothing he had under repair, and so, to make a long story short, I was both got six months on 'is' island. They couldn't do less for me—I was too well known."

"This is a remarkably strange story, Bill, the strangest you have told me yet. You certainly do have

Queer Experiences."

"Well, yes, Cap, people in my situation do make out in all kinds of ways. I have done a many things to earn a living. I've made truck out of 'em the stumps the swells throw away around the Broadway hotels, and sold 'em for a nickel a dozen; I've gathered the oats the truck horses pull off the streets, and sold 'em in bags, down along Washington Market, and made a good living, 'tennarete, fairly good. But I made out best when I was on the stage—"

"On the stage?" I asked, somewhat incredulously.

"Yes—not as a real actor-player, of course, but as a super. That's a fine business. Fifty cents every night and a rehearsal and all the rent of the day and don't know you could get have a pull to get in there. And then you have to keep pretty decent—shaved, you know, clean collars, and so, understander."

"Yes, but then, fifty cents don't go far."

"Well, you bet your sweet life I don't go to these swell barber joints where they charge ten cents for a shave and fifteen for a hair-cut. There is a school down here on Fourteenth Street where they do it for nothing—just learning the young guys the profession, you see. Of course, they slice a bit off the top once in a while, and don't do it every day, but how, and then sometimes they have to wait a couple of hours for your turn, but you always waits in good company."

"And that—that company, Bill, that's what is bad for you, I'm afraid. What a pity you don't seem to pay any at-

tention to all I have said to you about your soul! You surely ought to know, by bitter experience, that the way of the transgressor is hard."

Bill looked upon me a few moments in silence; it was evident something was stirring in the depths of his soul. Slowly, two big, brimming tears gathered in his eyelids and trickled down his grimy cheeks.

"Cap," he said at last, with emotion, "ever since that day when you took me home with you and me, a tramp, and good for nothing, down to your own table, with your own wife and yourself, as if I was a gentleman like you, and then you both prayed for me—it's a fact, Cap, since then I have and reason for the Salvation Army. I'm not an infidel, Cap, but there's never no one that's spoke much to me about religion."

"But didn't I send you down to our Shelter? Surely they ought—"

He hung his head, and then he looked up gravely, and there was a gleam of resolution in his eye.

"Well, Cap, I'll tell you how it is—I'll make a clean breast of it all! I want to the Shelter sure enough, and I never saw a place like that in my life. I've shook down in most every cheap doss in the precinct, both here an' in other cities, but I never see such another joint like this Salvation Army place. In most rough places, they sell you drinks, it's pay up or out you go; and there's swearing, and cursing, and fighting, besides what struggles you have with 'bout a million lively bunkmates. When I was a boy, I was once took to see some religious, what was kind of religious people,

Quakers, or Mefiskopallans,

or some such—deal good, saintly folks, poor, but strictly on the level, and I felt no scizem-like straight was in 'em inside the door—it was as if they were in a hurry to clean up the flue. That was just the way I felt in that Army place; everything bright, and slick, and up-to-date, good beds, religion on every wall, and a clean chap in red vest in the ticket-box, saying, 'God bless you, brother! Of course, it would make most anybody that was only used to Bowery ways feel queer, and I ain't no chicken, neither."

There was a little of the hysterical about Ginger Bill. I told him that much in different phraseology.

"Well, meeting time came round, and we was all asked to take a seat in the big reading-room. There was a lot of folks there, and I was a little dazed, I should think—and say; wasn't there some pretty tough characters around 'em? There was Hairlip Joe, and the Deserted Billy, and Uppercut Dick, and the Ezzard and the Chuck the Corpse Robber, and slathers more I knew or had heard of—such a gang it would take a good strong dozen cops to keep in order anywhere else. But there was no set, quiet, and well-behaved, and was the same for the morning to begin. And then it happened what caused all the trouble."

"And what was that?"

"Why, I'll tell you. You see everything was going on nicely with singing and speech-making, and the fellows what spoke gave it us straight from the liver—not quiet and tremulously, as they do in the churches. I liked it first-rate, and was getting to like it, and I was a little better having my thoughts inside myself about what I heard and what you had spoken to me about. And the—"

"Yes, what then?" I asked, encouragingly. Ginger Bill seemed to hesitate about the rest of the story.

"Well, that Billy the Boogie had been sittin' up with the Salvation feller near the front and singin' like he was the sexton of Grace Church. Now, he come up after they had been singin' a chorus, and blow me, if he didn't begin to preach, too. That captured me! Such a sneak and blackguard, what had stole, and robbed, and had the snakes, and know the kiddle of the blacking bar from Battery to Harlem—that he had been the all-fired nerve to stand up there and make sport of these good men and women, and raise his dirty head among 'em—same air, same air, I just got going. I just didn't know what I was doing. I just jumped at his throat an'-an'-"

—well, there was a football scrimmage before the cop got me outside and

Landed Me in the Gutter.

"After that, of course, I couldn't go back to the Shelter, however much I wanted to, and then I fell in with that there gang I was telling you about, and was sent to the island."

Bill sat silent for a moment; then he resumed:

"And that's what I have come to see you 'bout to-day, Cap. I know you thought I came to strike you for a pair of trousers or a lead overcoat, or something warm to eat; but I thought I hadn't tared food for nearly two days, I couldn't eat now if you offered me beefsteak an' onions. You see, while on the island, I met another chum of mine, Harry Judge, the Student, as we called him, because his father was just for in a schoolhouse up Harlem way. He told me about that same Billy the Boogie—that he was on the level, and no bluff; that since going to the Shelter to doss he had got 'em they all saved and cooked and had their own food, no smoked, nor done anything wrong, and that he had even made friends with the police—him that the cops couldn't no more catch than the Statue of Liberty. When he stood up that night, I didn't let it break up the congregation, as I thought, but simply to speak out what had happened to him, like you people always do, you know. How that break o' mine has tormented me! I caught up to Cap, for honest, they ain't no one ever treated me like you people have, before or since, and, holy smoke! that was a nice way I showed my gratefulness—knocking down your people and disturbing your sacraments, wasn't it, Cap? Now, if you, perhaps, could speak a word for me—do you think they'll forgive me if you asked 'em?"

I looked at Billy inquisitively; not that I doubted his sincerity, exactly; but as we were always so slow to recognize God's miracles! He noticed my glance, and again his expressive eyes were glistening with tears.

"I suppose I can't expect you to believe me straight off; but you might give me a chance to prove I mean what I say."

Two days after our conversation Ginger Bill was saved in the Army Shelter, and in a week he entered, through the door of steady employment, the realm of organized society, and is now the happy architect of an earthly career and a heavenly mansion.

THE RIGHT WIND.

"The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."—Ps. cxlv. 9.

Whichever way the wind blows, some body is glad to have it so. There blow it east, or blow it west. The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone; A thousand fleets from every zone Alight upon a thousand breeze What blows for one a favoring breeze Might dash another with the shock Of doom upon some hidden rock. And so I do not dare to pray For winds to waft me on my way, But to stay as I am, trusting still That all is well, and sure that He Who launched my bark will sail with me

Through storm and calm, and will not

Whatever breezes may prevail. To land me, every peril past. Within His sheltered haven at last.

Then whatsoever wind shall blow, My heart is glad to have it so. And blow it east, or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best. —Mason.

On King Edward's Sandringham estate no public houses are allowed.

The tonnage of the vessels of the British Empire exceed fifteen million tons.

Bananas with purple leaves and seedless fruit have been introduced into the conservatories.

A turbine steamer, in course of construction, is expected to cross from Dover to Calais in 35 minutes.

Orders for four large steamers of 7,000 tons each, has been placed on the Tyne by Newcastle and London firms.

The "Charity" of Poverty.

"The Liberal Soul shall Wax Fat,
and He that Watereth shall be
Watered also Himself."

There is no question but that work done in the interest of others, irrespective of the considerations of personal gain, brings its own reward in this life, as well as in the life that is to come.

The fact is beautifully illustrated by the following touching little story, which was related by the chairman of one of the General's meetings in Bolton, some four years ago. Amidst the applause of two thousand people the chairman, an ironmaster of the neighborhood, said:

"Some time back I was passing through the streets of Liverpool. It was a cold, raw, wintry day; the roads were ankle-deep in an unpleasant mixture of mud and ice, and battling through it all there came along a little procession of ragged, haggard, and hungry-looking boys. Splash, splash, they went on through the freezing slush, at every step making the onlookers shudder, as they stood by in their comfortable garb. In the front rank there was a little fellow who was little more than a bag of bones, half-naked, bare-footed, his whole frame shivering every time he had to put his foot into the melting snow.

"At once there came a big boy from several ranks behind, and, stooping down, he bade the little fellow put his arms around his neck, and lifting him on his shoulders, he took his perished feet, each in one of his hands, to warm them, and jogged along with his burden.

"I was moved," said the speaker, "at the sight, and went up to the boy, and spoke kindly to him about his action, and he replied, in his Lancashire brogue, 'Aye, aye, sir, two feet in the cold slush are better than four.' After a bit, I offered to carry the little boy myself, but the honest fellow shook his head, and said, 'Nay, nay, mister; I wanna part with him. I can carry him; and he's warming my back.'"

The journey of life is very rugged and slushy for some, and they limp and falter through its difficulties, with pains and privation. It is quite true that it is by their own folly that many have got into the slushy part of the way, but that will not affect the reward which will be yours if you will extend to them a helping hand; and such acts, however small, if done in the interest of the needy one, will warm your heart and bring you great peace of soul.—Social Gazette.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

By LIEUT. NELLIE STATA.

In Mark xii. 33, you'll find them,
Spoken by our blessed Lord,
Telling what to do to enter
In that home by Him prepared.
Though I had so often read them,
Thought I understood them, too,
Still God brought them to my notice
In a light quite clear and new.

I was dreaming of a meeting,
Held to seek and save the lost;
God had spoken to a sinner,
Saying, "Follow at all cost."
When the door was opened roughly,
And a form was standing there—
One I loved to true and dearly;
Ah! his looks my heart did tear.

'Twas, it seemed to me, a brother
Who I'd thought was one with me
In the night, against sin and darkness,
Striving sinners to set free;
But his eyes were dazed and senseless,
And he seemed about to fall;
'Twas the drink I thought possessed
him,
Who'd once given God his all.

Ne'er can I forget the vision,
'Twas so awful to my view;
As I cried, "O God, it can't be,
He was once so good and true!"
And my agony none could measure,
As I sadly saw his loss,
Saw his soul had lost its treasure,
And he'd wandered from the cross.

How I prayed and pleaded for him,
Asking God to bring him back.
Place his feet, in sin now straying,
Once more on the heavenly track.
And, while praying, I awakened,
And, praise God, 'twas but a dream,
And the soul I thought had fallen,
Still was firm and true to Him.

'Twas then He backed home the message:
"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
Showed me other souls were dying,
Needing love, and prayer, and help;
And, since He has saved our loved ones,
Let us practice what we preach,
And go out for those who've drifted
Seemingly beyond love's reach.

If it were "our own" in danger,
Oh, how quickly we would move,
Every thought, and word, and action
Thrilling with a burning love;
Eager to convince of folly,
And to show our Jesus' power,

Till the one so dear unto us
Should return, to sin no more.

Oh, my comrades, let us love them,
Those who, perhaps, have none to pray
For them to the tender Father,
From Whom they have gone astray.
They are someone's loved ones surely,
And, perhaps, upon their heads
Many a tear was shed in blessing.
By a mother, long since dead.

Christ is still as true and faithful,
And His promise still remains;
If we ask He'll gladly hear us,
And save those His blood redeemed.
Let us give our lives for others,
Ever seeking so to be
That, when He returns to judge us,
He may say, "'Twas done to Me."

The weekly cost of the war in South
Africa is now about 1¼ millions.

Items of Interest.

Until the year 1821 the word "donkey" was only used in slang dictionaries.

For 74 men who die by accident, only 26 women are so killed.

It is stated that Earl Russell will, when released from Holloway, settle in America, and take out letters of naturalization.

All natural waters contain a greater or less amount of mineral matter in solution. Rain water has the smallest percentage of solid impurities of any, and therefore it is taken as the standard variety of soft water.

There are said to be over 100 varieties of date-palm, all distinguished by their fruit, and the Arabs say that "a good housewife may furnish her husband, every day for a month, with a dish of dates differently prepared."

Langholm, the little market-town of Dumfriesshire, near which the Crown Prince of Prussia made his home for a few days, has the distinction of being, perhaps, the only town in the kingdom—certainly one of a few—without a public debt. The town Treasurer is happy with a balance of some hundreds of pounds.

170,000 miles of existing submarine cables have cost 50 millions sterling; 662,000 miles of land wire have cost 62 millions sterling.

In the Province of Verona, in Italy, 3,800 people are victims last year of palapa, a disease resembling leprosy, and ending in madness.

The Victoria main dock, London, contains 74 acres. The dock is 1,050 feet wide. It cost £108,000.

Fifty years ago Cornwall supplied 80 per cent. of the world's tin. This has fallen to 7 per cent.

Rice is the easiest of all common foods to digest, and roast veal the most difficult.

In the last 60 years France has converted nine million acres of waste land into forest, which already produces 100,000 acres yearly.

At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hang up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at these places under penalty of loss of license.

Naples is to have sea baths capable of accommodating 40,000 persons. They are to be supplied with hot and cold water, so that they may be enjoyed at all times of the year.

Most of the world's supply of furs comes from the Russian Empire. The hunters of Russia and Siberia annually capture 3,000,000 ermines, 16,000,000 marmots, and 25,000,000 squirrels.

Norway has a law dealing with cremation. According to the Act, every person over fifty years of age can be cremated after death, if he or she has made a declaration in the presence of two witnesses.

Three million tons of timber, worth \$4,000,000, are cut every day in the year.

As much as three shillings duty apiece is paid yearly upon 5,700 bottles of patent medicines in England.

Over the British National Telephone wires 616 million messages are sent yearly.

The steepest railway in the world is up Vesuvius. One gradient rises 52 feet in the 100.

The value of furniture in the British Isles is a little over 1,100 millions sterling.

The British Post Office made £148,000 out of 32,000 miles of telephone wire last year.

It costs eight shillings to talk for three minutes over the London to Paris telephone.

Of the 164,000 foreigners who reside in Paris, 45,000 are Belgian, 11,000 British.

Norway owns 325 different submarine cables, but their combined length is only 324 miles.

Twenty-two thousand dogs are kept for hunting in the United Kingdom. Of these, nearly 16,000 are foxhounds.

The world grows 154 millions acres of wheat, 115 million acres of rye, and 108 million acres of maize.



"Two feet in the cold slush are better than four."

JESUS LIFTED UP

Life is to be measured by its out-flow rather than by its income.



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Friedrich II., 1250.—Concluded.

Friedrich II. had been fifteen years absent from Germany since he set out after his election at Mainz. His eldest son, Heinrich, who had been chosen King of the Romans in his infancy, was sent to reign in Germany, even as a mere child, under the care of Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria; but there was so much crime and misrule that, in the Dukedom of Westphalia, Bishop Engelbert revived a strange secret tribunal, called the *Vehmgericht* of Yehme, which is said to have dated from ancient rites around the *trainsul*. Members were sworn in secretly, and met at night. Judges were chosen from among them, and before them persons were tried for their crimes, and if found guilty were sure to be found hanging on trees, a dagger stuck beneath, and the letters carved, S.S. G.G. (stock, stone, grass, green), the meaning of which no one knew. This Yehme was much dreaded, and did much good in keeping down evil-doers when the regular courts of law were weak.

As Heinrich grew up he became discontented, and thought that his father ought to resign the Empire to him, and only keep Sicily and Apulia. The Duke Ludwig of Bavaria was murdered while taking an evening walk on the bridge of Leheim. It is said, by an idiot, whom he had teased; but the young King declared that it was by one of the Eastern assassins sent

father's diet at Mainz, and her English attendants were infinitely amazed by the elephants and camels which Friedrich had brought from the East.

Friedrich was called back to Italy by another disturbance in Lombardy, where the cities, with Milan at their head, had formed a league against him. He caused his son Konrad to be elected King of the Romans, and crossed the Alps with his army, and, being joined by all the Ghibellines in Northern Italy, he beat the Milanese at Cornuova. They hoped at last to have saved their beloved standard, but there had been heavy rain, the car stuck fast in the bog, and though they tried to carry off its gilt crosses and ornaments, the Germans came too fast upon them, and they were forced to leave it in all its beauty. Friedrich had it drawn into Rome in triumph

by an elephant, and placed in the Capitol; but the war was not ended, for Friedrich required the Lombards to submit without making any terms, and they chose rather to defend themselves from city to city.

They knew that the wishes of the Pope were for them, and the Pope was displeased at Konrad, the heir of Sicily, being made King of the Romans, so that the southern kingdom would be joined to the Empire, contrary to the Emperor's promise. There was another young son of Friedrich, named Heinrich, but called in German Heinz, and in Italian Enzo, a very handsome youth of twenty, whom Friedrich married to Adolais, the heiress of Sardinia, and made king of that island. But Sardinia had belonged to Countess Matilda, and Gregory declared it was part of the inheri-

The Birth of a Famous Hymn.

Mr. Sankey's Story of How He Composed "The Ninety and Nine."

In the November issue of the Ladies' Home Journal, Cleveland Moffett tells how the greatest of all singing evangelists, Ira D. Sankey, came to give the world a hymn that will live long after his voice is still'd. It was during Moody and Sankey's first visit to Great Britain. As they were entering the train at Glasgow, Mr. Sankey bought a copy of a penny religious paper, called "The Christian Age." Looking over it his eyes fell upon some verses, the first two lines of which read thus:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold."

"Mr. Moody," exclaimed Mr. Sankey, "I have found the hymn that I have been looking for for years."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Moody.

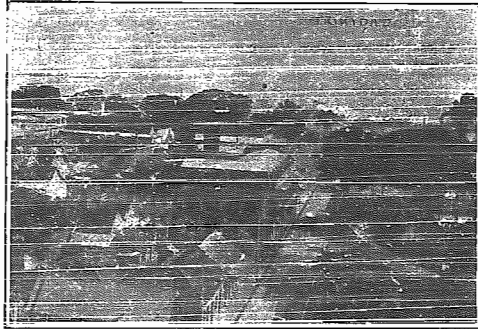
"It's about a lost sheep."

Two days later, in Edinburgh, they had a great meeting in the Free Assembly Hall. As Dr. Bonar finished, Mr. Moody leaned over the pulpit and asked the singer if he had not a solo for the occasion. The thought of the verses he had read in the penny paper came to Mr. Sankey's mind, and opening his scrap-book, in which he had pasted the clipping, he placed it before him on the organ, and after a moment of silent application, struck a full chord and began to sing. And, note by note, came the now famous song. He composed it as he went, along. What he sang was the joy that swelled in his own soul, hope that was born, the love for those who needed help. Thus he finished the first stanza.

Then, as he paused and played a few chords waiting to begin again, the thought came to him, "Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first? Can I remember the notes?" And concentrating his mind once more for the effort, he began to sing. So he went on through the five stanzas, and after the services he put the melody in music.

THE OPEN GRAVE.

What a teacher of wisdom is the open grave! What are earthly power, pomp, wealth, estate, but shadows of dreams, and not wakeful realities. Let life only interpret life, its interpretation shall be false, because only partial. We need to complete it the other side—the counterpart of the glamour, the ceremony, the passion, and materialism of superficial being, which this contact with death gives, in the house of mourning, or when we ourselves go down to die. We then demand that "respect, tradition, form, and ceremonious duty" shall all be thrown away, because we then see the naked truth.



Trinidad.



Some of our Coolie Comrades of Demerara.

ance of the Church, and could not be given away.

On the very Palm Sunday of 1239 that Friedrich was holding a great tournament at Padua, Gregory excommunicated him again, and accused him of having uttered a most horrid blasphemy. This he denied with all his might, sending in his confession of faith, which agreed with that of all the Christian Church, though there is no doubt that he had a careless, witty tongue. The Pope did not consider that he had cleared himself, and tried to find an Emperor to set up against him; but St. Louis of France did not think he was fairly treated, and would not let any French prince be stirred up to attack him.

(To be continued.)

Meditation is to prayer what study is to learning.

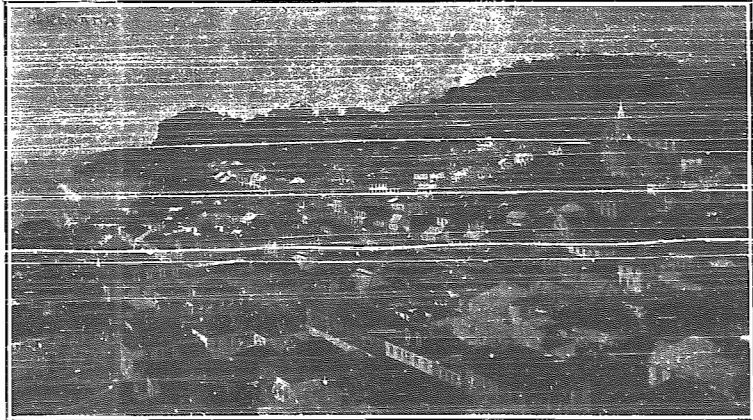
The name of Jesus is the one lever that lifts the world.

The heavier sins fetter the more some boast of their freedom.

by his father, and Friedrich and his people suspected Heinrich himself.

So many complaints were sent to the Emperor that he summoned his son and the German princes to a diet at Ravenna, and there tried to set matters straight between them, intending to come back to Germany as soon as he had arranged the affairs of Lombardy; but before he could do so Heinrich broke out into open rebellion, assisted by his brother-in-law, Friedrich, Duke of Austria, and laid siege to Wurms. The Kaiser again crossed the Alps, and being joined by all the loyal Germans, soon crushed the rebellion, and forced Heinrich to come and ask pardon. This was at once granted, but the wretched young man was bound to be trying to poison his father, and was, therefore, sent as a prisoner to Apulia, and was moved about from castle to castle there until his death.

Friedrich remained in Germany, and took as a third wife, Isabel, the sister of Henry III. of England, sending a splendid embassy to betroth her, and going to receive her himself at Wurms, where they were married in the presence of four kings and eleven dukes, all sovereign princes. The festivities are said to have been even more splendid than those at his grand-



Grenada, where a Corps of our W. I. Territory is located.



OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Readings.

SUNDAY.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."—Ecc. ix. 10.

Work is most important for the Christian. There are many who are looking for an opportunity to do great things, or something that appears great to the world. But our text points out the importance of doing with our might whatever our hand findeth. That is, the little duties which lie nearest to us, trying to cheer the drooping, speaking words of comfort to the oppressed, and warning faithfully the un saved, making the most of our present opportunities.

MONDAY.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."—Jude xxiv.

Here we find no room to doubt the ability of God. "Able to keep you from falling," in any circumstance, in the most severe testing, in the darkest hour. "He is able." Can we not more implicitly trust Him?

The child nestled in his father's arms has no fear about falling. So we, with that same simple trust, should honor our Saviour. Who is not only able to keep up from falling, but to "present us faultless before the Father." Oh, that blessed thought. "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Let us watch that no spot shall smear our life to day.

TUESDAY.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."—Prov. x. 6.

Acknowledge God—that is, to take God into our everyday life as our partner. Acknowledge His supreme right to rule us. In our thoughts, our motives, our words, our actions, our work. "The Holy Spirit will guide our footsteps, and we will delight in His service in the way of the Lord."

WEDNESDAY.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for, when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."—James 1. 12.

Trial first, reward after. How often we query in our mind as to the reason of the furnace of trials through which we are called to pass, but when we bethink ourselves, we can see this is only reasonable, and in accordance with every phase of life. The boy who has for his ambition some high calling, must, before his hopes are realized, have the school-day trials, and after being tried, and tested, he passes his final examination, and receives his (eternal) reward. It is with the soldier of Jesus Christ, who has been called with a heavenly calling—he must first have his school-days of trial, testing and sore temptation; but he that endureth shall receive the (eternal) reward, the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

THURSDAY.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9.

Spasmotic effort will not satisfy the requirements of God. In this great battle there is no place for the faint-hearted. But we must, in order to

succeed, "set our face like a flint," and persevere in our work for Jesus. By-and-bye we shall reap, and gather into the heavenly garner, precious trophies of grace, which will rise up to call us blessed.

FRIDAY.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."—Matt. vi. 6.

How impossible to work successfully, and fulfil the tasks without physical strength, and in order to have the latter we must necessarily partake of such nutritious elements as will supply nutriment to all parts of the human mechanism. If we cease to eat, we cease to live. What food is to the physical man, prayer is to the spiritual man. Prayer is spiritual food, and yet how many poor souls we find are going hungry for lack of prayer. Praying in secret means an open reward; it develops the spiritual character, and the inner man is

made strong in the strength of God. Oh, for more prayer!

SATURDAY.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."—John ix. 4.

How soon will come the night of death! And how much unspent work? Time is robbing us of opportunities, and if we do not perform faithfully the present duties which lie in our pathway, there will be some chance of making up for those which are lost. Oh, let us remember the night is coming. While the day is with us, let us not be slack, but work heartily as unto the Lord, knowing of the Lord we shall receive our reward.

Working for Jesus in sunshine or

Working for Jesus in pleasure or

Knowing the day when man's work

is tried,

The work done for Jesus will surely

abide.

the head of the Army's forces in Canada, Australia, and now in the United Kingdom, where, with increased zeal, he is toiling for the salvation of the lost. The following histories of early converts, as told by themselves, will be of interest. Both these comrades are now in heaven:

"At the age of thirteen I went as pot-boy, and remained so until I was sixteen. Here I got the flavor of drink, and I never lost it until I was converted to God, through the blessed words of Bro. L. and Bro. W., spoken in the open-air. When I look back and think how I have been on my poor wife it was through the drink—it makes my ashamed of myself. It was the word and the blow, but sometimes the blow first. After I got sober sometimes it would make me ashamed to look at her black eyes, but I do thank God there is no fear of black eyes now, for we are very happy together.

(To be continued.)

The Well in the Foundations.

A traveler remarked upon the fact that in the ruins of nearly all the feudal castles of England, you could find somewhere, deep sunk in the foundations, a rubbish-filled well. What does this mean? It means that the owner of the castle always had in the heart of his slatted a pure, never-failing supply of water upon which to depend in case he was besieged by an enemy. He would never have to go outside his fortress to get that chief necessity of life. So it is with the soul that has signed a phylactery within itself for the presence of God to enter and fill. That is the well in the foundations of the impregnable life. Not to have to go outside one's self for the water of life—that is the secret of human stability, and peace, and courage. The enemy may come round about us, may cut us off from outside help and resource, but so long as we have that fountains supply of Divine help and comfort within, we can bid him defiance.

Think how many human lives have gone down before the power of evil because they had no continuance of resisting power, no well of Divine strength and comfort deep within themselves. They could resist for a brief season, perhaps, but after that their resources were spent. No soul can conquer evil unless it has the indwelling presence of God to sustain it. All the moral strength, all the proud determination, all the force of righteous habit, are only like so many shallow tubs and pails of water that have been hurriedly brought within the fortress. A few days' siege exhausts them, and then we must yield; there is no other way. Oh, how well the foundations, for ever fed by the springs of Divine love! If we had God in the soul, we could not be overcome. Every day the pure, life-giving springs would be bringing us fresh courage and hope. That is the testimony of all who have fought and won during triumphant fight with evil. We must be sustained by the conscious presence and help of God. We must have a well of living water in the foundations of our being. Ah! if that well has not yet been sunk in any sin-battling life, sink it now, today, ere it shall be too late!—Zion's Herald.

To widen our life without deepening it is only to weaken it.

When the door of prayer closes on earth it opens on heaven.

It is of less importance to push the trolley car along than to get the engine started in the power-house.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

(Continued.)

"But where will you get your preachers, Mr. Booth?" asked a friend one day, when the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission was declaring his intention to open new stations.

"Out of the public-houses," was the prompt reply, and, thank God, the boast has been amply justified thousands of times over.

Early Converts.

"Oh," said a charming old woman, in an old-fashioned testimony meeting, "do bless God for the day, four years ago, when the Army came along, as I stood in the public-house, with my glass of gin before me. Yes it was, dear friends, but, bless God, I was no more of that now. My poor old husband is only a street-sweeper; but, bless the Lord, we are happy. Why, bless you, if I could only sing the same as I feel inside, you would all say I was a nightingale, and certainly the old saint looked it, as under her weight of over three score years, she lifted up her voice and clapped her hands with girlish gladness. "When my husband and me," she added, "had plenty of money, I have known what it was to want. I have known an empty cupboard then; but now, praise God, when he has weeded out of work, I never wanted for anything, and I never begged of anybody, either."

Little Drunken Bill,

of Bethnal Green, was a wretched man, indeed. Never to be forgotten was the sight of that poor fellow at the funeral of one of our evangelists, staggering along with some of his drunken companions, as, lost to all sense of decency, they showed the preachers, heaping reproaches and menaces on the Booth family and the Mission generally, barely restrained by force. Again and again, from breakfast up to the rates of the morning, but ever since the day when Marshall, then a lad of sixteen years of age, by arrangement with the poor drunkard's wife, cornered and almost forced him to his knees in his own home, Little Bill has been an equally prominent champion of the Lord.

The Skeleton Army.

It was against him that the real, original first Skeleton Army was organized. In that spot, respectable water-place, Weston-Super-Mare, it

was on behalf of Little Bill, whom the magistrate had sent to jail because he would not allow the Skeletons to stop his marching out to proclaim salvation, that we made our first appeal to the courts of the Queen's Bench, and won our first decisive victory against the misapplication of the law. Her Majesty's Judges decided that Little Bill, formerly of the Bethnal Green public-houses, must be allowed to lead as many ex-drunkards and others as he could induce to follow him singing about Jesus through the streets of any place within Her Majesty's dominions.

A Future Leader.

Twenty-five years ago, when our services were first commenced in the town of Wellington, you might have seen, amongst the swearing, drinking young men who came out of the public-houses, from time to time, to sneer and shout at our open-air meetings, Tom Combs, then only sixteen years of age, but a thoroughly-practiced pug, skittle, and card-player, and gambler. Induced, however, to attend service one evening, the Spirit of God so laid hold of him that he trembled from head to foot, and the same night, with two more, sought and found mercy.

The very next night he went to the open-air meeting, and became as thoroughly committed to the war on the Lord's side as he had been on the other. Some time after this, at a meeting held by the Chief of the Staff, he gave himself up altogether to God, and was soon after called out into the Field, where, after some training as a Lieutenant, and various other experiences, he went, as Captain, to North Shields, where he encountered desperate opposition, but forced it to retire.

Two thousand people gathered at the station to witness his departure for Newport, where "Happy Tom" soon became ubiquitous enough.

Original Methods of Attracting the People.

It was here that, when he had found it impossible to obtain a congregation in his hall, he got a rope, made a "happy" put it round Lieut. Payne's neck, and led him round the town during the day, promising to exhibit him at night. From that time the tide turned, a congregation was gained, and sinners saved.

"Happy Tom" has since held some important positions, having been at

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.

A SALVATION ARMY VERSION

BY CAPT. COPPERFIELD

SECOND BOOK

CHAPTER X.

Then said Samuel to his mother, "Do not forget to send to Capt. Explanation to ask L.H.Q. to allow the Commissioner to come and conduct us the rest of the journey."

"Thank you, my son," she replied, "I had almost forgotten." So she drew up a petition, and begged Sergt. Come-to-Stay, the Porter, to forward it to him at the first opportunity. So it soon reached its destination, and the answer came back saying that the petition was granted.

Then they were glad, and began to speak of their departure.

Another Baptism.

"But you cannot go until you have attended one of our holiness meetings at Little Fort camp," said Sister Love.

C: "One of your meetings?"
L: "Yes; it is a good walk from here, but we often go down and help the Captain there. To-night is holiness meeting, being Friday, and to be followed by an all-night of prayer, so none of your party can afford to be absent on any account whatsoever."

C: "But I have received many blessings already."
L: "So had the disciples before Pentecost."

C: "I have also been baptized once, as a child, and once since I have grown up."

L: "Yet you need to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire."
C: "Is there a baptistry at Little Fort?"

L: "There's a penitent form."

So it was arranged that they should go that evening and, praying before they went, and again at the roadside when they got half-way, they felt that God was indeed leading them.

The barracks was far from being such a fine structure as Christiansa expected to see. It contained no vestry, nor was there any "dim religious lights" knocking about. It was a plain wooden building, capable of seating about 200 people. But not more than half that number were present. This was easily accounted for. The door-keeper was told not to allow anyone in who did not possess the knowledge of sins forgiven, and was not shy and willing to give a testimony to that effect.

Being asked by Christiansa why this order was enforced, Sergt. Love replied, "We wish to meet 'with one accord' in our holiness meetings. The unbeliever of believers regards the power of God, and the convincing of sinners who are lumps of animated unbelief! They resist the Holy Spirit, as did their fathers, and as do their friends. They will not accept salvation, so cannot possibly believe in, or receive, any higher blessing."

The meeting was, from the beginning of the first song, a warm one. The spirit of prayer was present, and, as the hours passed by, it was evident that the war was really something on the altar for the fire of the Holy Spirit to come down and consume.

Speaking of their experiences afterwards, both Christiansa and Mercy declared that their hearts were melted from the very beginning, and that they felt the wonderful presence of the Holy Ghost, until they became as drunken women, forgetting who they were, where they were, or what they were doing, save that they were in the immediate presence of God.

This is the report that appeared in the following week's War Cry:

ALL-NIGHT OF PRAYER AT LITTLE FORT.

"We had another successful all-night of prayer on the 27th, led by Major Paul. The Holy Ghost descended upon us in a wonderful manner. Some were completely overcome, and were prostrate on the floor, many to the annoyance of the devil, who said they 'gave way to their feelings.' Thirty-seven professed to receive the spirit-filled life, among them being a family of pilgrims from Holiness Castle. The testimony of the children, given on

day was dawning, made us all weep for joy. Said a little girl, whose face shone with a new-found light, 'My home has become the temple of the Holy Ghost. I am hid with Christ in God! Henceforth I am determined to pray and think among men save Christ and Him crucified. Pray for us—Captain and Mrs. Straight-Tip, C.O.s.'

Now, I saw, in my dream, that when the inmates of Holiness Castle knew that Christiansa had arranged to leave as soon as the Commissioner should arrive (which would be on the following day), they expressed their desire to show them some things that would be profitable for their journey. So they took her, and the others, into a small room, and showed them one of the apples that Eve picked and gave to her husband.

Then said Love, "Sin came into the world through so little a thing as that, and millions are in hell in consequence."

Mercy: "It is indeed a little thing



Our Headquarters for India, at Bombay.

that has brought about so great a curse."

Jacob's Ladder.

Then they led them to a place where the foot of Jacob's ladder was. They saw angels going up and down.

"Those who go up, go up to stay," said Love; "and those that come down, come down to go up again. Can you tell me why?"

James answered and said, "Because heaven is their home."

Then they led them up to the mount where Abraham offered up Isaac, his son.

"If he had conferred with Sarah he might have disobeyed," said Faith.

"What a self-denial," said James.

"Amen!" said Commissioner Pearson, who joined the party at this moment. "Self-denial is the key of the position."

"Amen!" shouted everybody, for they were all delighted to see him; for the remembered how he had overcome the Non-keeper, and had even now come as an answer to their prayers and petition.

Then said the Commissioner to Christiansa: "Here's a bundle of the latest foreign War Cry; the last number of the Red Hot Holy War Cry. All the World: this is Victory; and here's a packet of letters from the Chief of the Staff for officers who have been promoted to Glory."

So they started on their journey without any further delay, and faith and Hope went a little way with them. When they came to the gate Christiansa asked the porter if any pilgrims had passed lately.

"No," said he, "not since one who passed yesterday, and told me that a 'bery had been committed on the A. S. highway, down the same road you are about to go, but the thieves

have been caught, and are shortly to be tried."

Then Christiana and Mercy were somewhat afraid; but Matthew said, "Mother, there's nothing to fear, as the Commissioner is with us."

Then Christiansa thanked the porter for all the kindness he had shown to her, and hers, since they had met. They promised to pray for each other, and said that if they never met on earth again, they hoped to meet in heaven, where partings are no more. The others also bade Sergt. Come-to-stay an affectionate farewell.

Faith and Hope Return.

After a while Faith and Hope had to return, when there was another touching farewell scene. Weeping, kissing, prayer, and praise. So they parted, singing, "God be with you till we meet again!"

Now, I saw, in my dream, that they began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, so they got down safely.

"This is the valley," said the Commissioner, "where your husband had that fierce combat with Satan. That fight was the fruit of many slips he got coming down the hill, for they that get slips there must look for combats here. But be of good courage, for you are nothing to fear. Many others besides Christian have slipped coming down that hill, for it is one of the few hills in this country that is easier to go up than to come down."

hardest fight is sometimes caused from a forgotten favor."

When they had passed by this place they came upon the borders of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This valley was longer than the other, and haunted with evil spirits, as many can testify. But as they passed through by daylight, in fair weather, they got through safely.

In entering this valley, however, they thought they heard the groaning of the dying men; they thought, too, that they heard words of lamentation spoken, as by some in very great torment; and cursing and swearing. These things made the children tremble. The women also looked somewhat frightened, but them be of very great comfort. So they went on a little further, and they thought that they felt the ground shake under them, as if some hollow place was there. They also heard a noise as hissing, as of serpents, but saw nothing. Then said the boys, "Are we not all here, and out of this miserable place?" But the Commissioner told them to walk carefully, lest their feet might slip into some snare.

Now, Matthew began to be sick again, probably through fear, but the Commissioner soon got them all on their knocs, and his prayer of faith healed the one that was sick. Every one felt spiritually refreshed, too. So they were on all their way came to the middle of the valley, as like Christiansa said, "I fancy I see something upon the road before us, like these evil spirits I've seen drawn in the picture books. As they got near, he told them that it was really one."

"Well," said the Commissioner, "let them that are most afraid keep close to me."

So the devil (for it was him) came closer, and the Commissioner prepared to give him battle; but when he was just before her, all at once he vanished out of sight. Then they remembered the saying: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN EARNEST.

It was mathematical fervor which kept Newton poring on his problems till the midnight wind swept over his papers, the ashes from his long-extinguished fire. It was artistic fervor which kept Reynolds with the pencil in his glowing hand for thirty-six hours together. It was poetic fervor that sustained Dryden in a fortnight's frenzied when composing his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, heedless of privations which he did not so much as perceive. It was classical fervor which, for six successive months, constrained the German scholar, Heine, to allow himself no more than two nights of weekly rest, that he might complete his perusal of the old Greek authors. And it was scientific fervor which dragged the lazy but eloquent French naturalist, Buffon, from beloved studies for many years together. But shall science, with its corruptible crowns, and the world with its vanities, monopolize this enthusiasm?—Dr. Hamilton.

BURDENS OR WINGS.

In one of Schiller's poems is a beautiful story about the birds, that when they were first created, they had no wings; and the story is, that God made the wings, and put them down upon the backs of the birds, and said, "Now, come and take the burdens up and bear them." The birds then came and they took up their wing with their shoulders, and laid them upon their backs, and at first they seemed to be a heavy load, and rather difficult to bear, but as they cheerfully and patiently bore them and folded them over their hearts, lo! the wings grew fast, and the birds which they once bore now bore them. The burdens became pinions, and the weight became wings. We are the wingless birds, and our duties are the pinions; and when at first we assume them they seem to be a heavy load, and rather difficult to bear, but as they cheerfully and patiently bear them, and fold them over our hearts, lo! the wings grow fast, and the birds which they once bore now bore them. 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GAZETTE.

Promotions—

- Lieut. Long to be Captain at Sydney.
- Lieut. Redmond to be Captain at Bridgewater.
- Cadet Moore, Yarmouth Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Bridgewater.
- Cadet Pearson, Yarmouth Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Clark's Harbor.
- Cadet Nugent, Yarmouth Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Freeport.
- Cadet Riley, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at St. John I.
- Cadet Rudland, of St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at St. John V.
- Cadet Ritchie, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at St. John III.
- Cadet Fawcett, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Chatham, N.B.
- Cadet Stronbard, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Truro, N.S.
- Cadet Wood, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Bear River.
- Appointments—**
- ENSIGN SABINE, resting, to Somerset, Bermuda.
- ENSIGN McDONALD, resting, to Windsor, N.S.
- EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



GREAT BRITAIN.

The Junior and Young People's campaign in Great Britain has been taken up enthusiastically, and promises to give the Young people's work a substantial push forward.

The Chief of the Staff's new book, "Battle Axes," is now on the press, and will assuredly prove a great source of inspiration to officers in all able type, well bound, and full of just that sort of reading matter which the F. O. is most in need of. It is to be sold at a shilling.

Major Edwin is appointed Private Secretary to Commissioner Coombs, and has already taken up his duties enthusiastically.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg and Commissioner Riddell have paid flying visits to International Headquarters on matters of business in connection with their Territories, and had important conferences with the Chief of the Staff and the Foreign Secretary.

In connection with the Young People's campaign, Commissioner Pollard conducted a special salvation meeting, for children only, at his home, (Southend) on a recent Sunday, in which his three eldest children took part.

Staff-Capt. Tracy, of the International Editorial Staff, has just paid her first visit to Paris, on a literary hunt. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg is reported to be looking much better.

The Annual Winter Sale of Work of the Women's Social Department, is announced to take place Oct. 25th, and 31st. This year it promises to be unusually attractive. Mrs. Bramwell Booth will probably open it with an "at home" for friends and purchasers, and there will be departmental stalls other than those belonging to the Women's Social Work; and all the goods to be laid out will be at proper sale—not charitable—prices, and will be suitable for all classes, as well as for Christmas presents. The combination should meet with unequalled success.

The Chief of the Staff, though not entirely confined to his house, is still far from well, which has produced a general feeling of deep regret, as many officers have been anticipating that, with the commencement of the year, he would be "back in the world." The very latest intelligence concerning the Chief is, however, that he seems to be on the turn. But although he is at the office, he is evidently suffering much weakness.

Mrs. Booth's Thursday afternoon holiness meetings in the Lower Exhibition Hall, were begun under very encouraging circumstances. The attendance for the first meeting was far and away beyond what has been usually the case. The interest in holiness is again reviving. Commissioner Howell will be present at the next meeting.

In the ordinary way of things, a prophet may have little honor in his own town or country; but when General Booth visits his native Nottingham, he, at least, is a notable exception, for not only his "fellow townsmen" turn out in their thousands to listen to his message, but the Almighty never fails to crown the visit with glorious spiritual results. The late visit of the General was the occasion for a great burst of enthusiasm. From eight to nine hundred soldiers, recruits and ex-Salvationists, gathered in the Mechanics' Hall and listened to the inspiring words of our honored leader. Immense crowds thronged the spacious Albert Hall at each meeting held on Sunday, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather. In weeping sinners and backsliders came to Jesus. The General

was assisted by Colonel Lawley, Eadie, and Lieut-Colonel Hammond.

Commissioner Coombs will conduct the Coventry opening. Lady Warwick will take a popular part in the proceedings, as well as other influential friends.

UNITED STATES.

The first of three Thursday night holiness gatherings, led by Commander Booth-Tricker at a Memorial Hall, gave good promise for the success of the following gatherings. The Chief Secretary, with the National Staff and Staff Band, took a prominent part. Twenty-two souls were added, the altar seeking salvation and the blessing of a clean heart.

The Commander and Consul are announced to visit several important centres in the interests of the great winter campaign.

A number of the officers of the New England Province have formed themselves into a Prayer League, the chief feature of which is the promise to pray one hour each day for each other and the work.

Brigadier Miles, assisted by Brigadier Chandler and a part of the Red Hot Brigade and the men Cadets, had a Holy Ghost day at New York, N.Y., on a recent Sunday. Two souls sought sanctification in the morning meeting, and at night fourteen responded to the call for volunteers for salvation.

The Social work in Boston is making excellent progress. The Salvage Department has a paper several carloads of paper direct to the mills during the past month, and find it considerably more profitable than their former method of disposing of this waste material.

SOUTH AFRICA.

After several years' forced absence from Mashonaland, operations have been recommenced among the natives of the Mazoe Valley. The Commissioner has recently taken up Staff Capt. and Mrs. Bradley (who have done years of excellent service in Zulu warfare), accompanied by two or three Zulu officers; and we shall, doubtless, be hearing shortly of an interesting campaign. These Army missionaries have first, however, to get their modest dwellings erected, for in the rebellion of 1896 only the remains of the late Captain Cass' quarters were left standing.

Our active work among the Zulus in South Africa is making sure progress.

At last Commissioner Kilbey has succeeded in getting through to Johannesburg. He has been trying for two years, resorting to every possible means to induce the authorities to grant him a permit. But military rule is stern and unbending.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey has just concluded some very successful social meetings in Natal and the Eastern Provinces of Cape Colony.

Mrs. Brigadier Rauch has had a time of extreme suffering from blood-poison, and the operation performed will result in the permanent disablement of one of her hands. We are glad to announce that she is now fairly well.

Annual Congresses will shortly be held in several important centres, owing to the difficulties and expense of traveling. Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban are the favored places.

WEST INDIES.

At the close of the present month will commence the Harvest Festival season of the S. A. in the West Indies. Successful results are anticipated.

The transfer of the Territorial Headquarters from Bridgetown to Kingston is now an accomplished fact.

Brigadier Gale has just concluded an important campaign, in Grenada and St. Lucia. The welcome demonstrations were hearty and enthusiastic. Enrolments, officers' councils, and a novel East India wedding were among the special features. A number of the Majesty's "soldiers" were among those enrolled.

The next Training Season commences on January 24th, when a good batch of Cadets are expected to arrive in the Barbadoes Training Garrison.

The inclement weather in Jamaica has proved a great hindrance to our work there, a number of officers have suffered in health, owing to the unusually heavy rainfall.

INDIA.

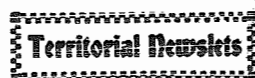
In South India twelve Cadets (eight boys and four girls) have just entered the Training Home, having come direct from the S. A. Boarding School.

Ensign Kalyan Singh (Andre), native of Sweden, was suddenly promoted to Glory by fever. The Ensign volunteered for service in India in 1900.

From the report published on the health of the city of Madras there seems to be no abatement of the dreaded epidemic, cholera. During the week ending 13th of September, 113 deaths occurred through cholera, and 235 from fever.

Rain is badly wanted in the Telugu Country, and the people entertain grave fears of an impending famine. Crops are beginning to fail, and food-stuffs have gone up in price considerably.

A devil-dancer has got saved at Kadagannawa.



We regret to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. Langtry, the present matron of the Winnipeg Rescue Home. For some months the health of Mrs. Langtry has been very indifferent and the cause for much concern. When Major and Mrs. Southall left Winnipeg for the Congress, Mrs. Langtry was in poor health, but in a few hours she was taken ill, and her life was in the balance. Mrs. Southall at once sped away to her mother's side. We are glad to say that at the time of writing, the doctors entertain some hope of Mrs. Langtry's recovery. We feel sure that the prayers of Salvationists throughout the Territory are with our comrades.

Recent developments in the organization of our Newfoundland educational system are very encouraging. During the past few months several new schools have been opened, to which will be added five more at the present change of officers.

One of our St. John's, Nfld., Juniors had the honor of assisting in the presentation of some gifts—one of which was a beautiful set of books, harmonies, and part for the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The new Chancellor for the North West Province will be Staff-Captain Phillips. The Staff-Captain has just come to his new appointment, his departure having been hastened owing to the necessity of Mrs. Southall's hasty return.

Adlt. Wakefield, who has fought with success at the Temple, takes command of the Winnipeg corps. Adlt. McAmmond, late of Winnipeg, is appointed to the Temple. A hearty welcome awaits him.

We are pleased to welcome to our midst Staff-Captain and Mrs. Thos. Howell, who will take an appointment directly after the councils.



Our Nineteenth Anniversary.

The opening of our Anniversary Celebration with the meeting in the Massey Music Hall was a tremendous success. Once again Miss Booth had before her a most representative audience that completely packed the house, and her eloquence and force created a profound impression upon that vast gathering. Those present will not be able to forget the burning truths uttered from the platform, and we certainly believe that, apart from those who openly sought salvation, numerous lives will have received there that impulse which leads men to repentance and conversion.

Monday's meeting of welcome to the visiting officers was an equally successful affair, and the officers' councils opened, at the time of which to press, with the promise of being radiant with Holy Ghost heat and power. The Commissioner begins the series of councils with a clear brain and in fairly good health, which gives every promise that she will be able to do full justice to her subjects without a regrettable reaction on her physical resources, which are by no means robust.

A GRAND BEGINNING.

Nineteenth Anniversary Celebrations Commence Most Promisingly—Magnificent Meeting in the Massey Music Hall—Five Thousand People Gather to Hear Miss Booth on "Love's Sunset" for the Second Time in Toronto.

THE PROVINCIAL AND DISTRICT OFFICERS ARE WELCOMED.

The Army's first platform in Canada was the street, and although to-day we can boast of so many splendid buildings in which to hold our meetings and carry on our operations, it was a fitting memorial of nineteen years ago that the first shots of the anniversary should be in the open-air. 7.15 on Saturday night gave us a splendid opportunity of letting the citizens of Toronto know that the S. A. was

Still a Live Concern.

This was an easy task, for in addition to a good muster of the local forces, a great many Staff and Field Officers had already arrived from the East and the West, and the North, and the South; the P. O.'s and Chancellors were there, and the Headquarters Staff was well represented. A crowd draws a crowd, and such was the case at the corner of James and Albert Streets, the scene of many a grand open-air campaign.

Whether it was the sweeping march, headed by the Temple Band, or the attraction afforded by such an array of prominent officers, it is difficult to say, but the Jubilee Hall was crowded to the doors for the welcome meeting.

Colonel Jacobs, the Chief Secretary, had things well in hand, and was assisted in the preliminaries by the General Secretary, who led the opening song, and Adj. Orchard, who petitioned the Throne on behalf of the meeting, which, throughout, was full of interest. A few introductory remarks by the Chief Secretary followed the duet by Brigadier Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Mantou. The Colonel

Extended a Warm Welcome

to our visitors, on the eve of another anniversary. The addresses given were representative, and full of thanksgiving for a year of conquest.

Adj. Orchard believed in a shouting religion, and by way of giving force to his remarks, told us the story of an old lady who persisted in responding audibly, when the minister or her church was preaching. Repeatedly she was asked to desist, but evidently she was unable to control her feelings, and the "Glory to God" had to come. At last the deacons threatened to put her out if a repetition of the shouting occurred. On the next occasion the minister was warning to his subject until the old lady was brimming full of emotion. At last she had to give way to her pent-up feelings, and an extra loud "Glory to God" was the result. This breach of discipline, of course, could not be overlooked, and resulted in her being carried bodily out of the church. As she was being transported down the aisle she again shouted, "Glory to God! I am more highly honored than the Master, for He was carried into Jerusalem on one ass, I am being carried out on two." This was forcible, needless to say, and brought down the house, especially when the Adjutant added, "We want some more of them." Of course he did not mean the four-footers.

The French Work Represented.

Captain Cabrit, of the Montreal French Work, received a hearty welcome as she was called to the front for a solo, in French. The Captain is a good singer, and evidently real-

ized the truth of the words of her song.

Not understanding or speaking English, the Captain's testimony was given in her native tongue. Adj. Atwell did remarkably well as interpreter, and any difficulty he had in brushing up his French, which resulted in his prefacing some of the Captain's remarks with "Oh, yes!" only added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Capt. Cabrit realized that although we are not of one tongue, we are all the same family. Two years ago she left her native land and the friends she held dear, to work for the salvation of the French people in Montreal, and although the fight was not easy, she was happy.

Ensign Williams, Adj. Scarr, Adj. McHarg, and Staff-Capt. Burditt, all spoke of the power of God unto salvation, and the necessity of being fully committed to the saving of a sinful world.

A Bible lesson by Major Turner brought forcible lessons to many hearts. The Major closed with an invitation having made use of the words of John, when he said, "And the Spirit and the Bride say Come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

The meeting was brought to a close by the Chief Secretary. It was truly a splendid commencement to the meetings to follow.—M.

"LOVE'S SUNSET."

Again the magnificent Massey Hall has been packed to its full capacity, with more than permitted standing-room occupied, while several hundreds were turned away. It was a triumph from point of crowds, but it was a far greater achievement as a meeting, for the Commissioner was at her best.

Before the doors were opened people gathered around the entrance, and before seven o'clock every seat had been taken and people crowded the aisles and other places of vantage for standing-room. The immense audience was an inspiring sight itself. Many people came between seven and half-past, only to be turned away. "No more standing-room" was the oft-repeated sentence of the door-keepers. The audience was very representative.

All Classes and Conditions of Men

being present. We were pleased to notice Mayor Howland on the platform, an interested listener, as well as many noted and respected citizens in various parts of the large hall, paying the utmost respectful attention to all that transpired.

Before the hour announced for the benediction, Wm. J. Reed, the Commissioner's adopted children, captivated the people with their pretty singing. Willie ventured upon the innovation of accompanying Pearl's singing upon the autoharp, and did it very nicely, too.

The beautiful verses of the Commissioner's

"Think, O Jesus, for what reason," were sung with telling effect by the quartet, Capt. Duvoy taking the lead with a clear note. Another song of the Commissioner's composition was sung by Captain Gifford, from the North-West, who is gifted with beautiful voice, as well as with the ability to put soul into his singing. He sang

"And yet He will thy sins forgive."

The Commissioner used her harp to accompany the various songs.

The Commissioner's Address.

"Love's Sunset" was not a new

theme to Toronto, the Commissioner having given the address two years ago, but evidently those who had heard that address deeply appreciated the same. On this occasion Miss Booth had her address entirely revised and many who had listened to her before expressed their opinion that the Commissioner had never been better qualified to address the subject, of course, is fascinating, and it was as ably handled as it had proved attractive. It was splendid in construction, logical, forcible, eloquent, and complete. It appealed to the intellect, to the imagination, to the sentiments, and to the heart. For over an hour the attention of the vast audience was concentrated upon the speaker. To say that it was a known song which underlined certain illustrations which the Commissioner used had a telling effect. The stories told were happily chosen, and the use was made of a beautiful and concise discourse of people which was not profoundly stirred.

A well-fought prayer meeting followed, which resulted in quite a number of conversions. Still the entire results of such a meeting cannot be gauged by any human calculation. We are confident that its blessing will be long after its memory has passed away.

The Commissioner stood the intense strain and agitation involved in such an address wonderfully. Her voice held out to the finish, and she was easily heard throughout the hall.

The platform had been decorated with a fine selection of plants, and at the conclusion of the Commissioner's address, which was the "Rock of Ages," a curtain was unfurled, revealing a beautiful white cross standing out in brilliancy against the sombre background. It was a symbol of the love which is the Paradise of Love, and a number found entrance there that same night.—Ed.

THE TEMPLE MEETING.

From all directions they came—Provincial, District, and Field Officers, and soldiers—until a large quiet large enough to enclose the whole city of Quebec. It was formed at the corner of Queen and Yonge on Sunday morning, where an open-air meeting was led by Brigadier Sharp, the Eastern Provincial Officer, and Staff-Capt. St. John. The Temple Band, in their bright scarlet uniform, added greatly to the attraction and interest of the service. The Temple Band also were out in full force. Testimonies and appeals by visiting officers, a solo by Capt. McEhenny, of St. John, N.B., and a selection by the Staff Band, all went towards making a fitting prelude to the holiness meeting in the Temple.

A large crowd greeted the Chief Secretary as he stepped on the platform to conduct this meeting. Every seat was taken, and great interest was manifested throughout the service. The opening song, "Step out on the promise," was lined out by Brigadier Gaskin. The Colonel and Major McMillan prayed for a baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Male Chorus, composed of members of the Staff Band, sang, "Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge," to an appropriate new tune.

Staff-Capt. Phillips, the newly-appointed Chancellor to Winnipeg, gave utterance to a beautiful and touching experience on the lines of holiness. He felt it was good to know our own hearts. He had the experience of a conqueror. He realized that only that is done for God that is done only by who doeth the will of God almighty for ever. There were no misgivings in his heart; he had the seal of God and the approval of his conscience, and could say "Perish everything that would not lift me nearer to God."

Brigadier Pugmire sang what is aptly called by the Colonel "The Mountain Song," and the whole audience joined in.

"Lead me higher up the mountain,
Give me fellowship with Thee;
In Thy light I see the fountain,
And the blood, it cleanses me."

The Colonel read the 11th chapter of Hebrews, the turning to the two verses in Genesis, "And the life of Enoch," explained the same in his own original manner, gave us Enoch's testimony, and proceeded to different towns and villages in diligent search for this man Enoch, who walked with God for three hundred years, and his boy, Methuselah. At the Township of Unholy Desire, the Village of Vain Glory, respectable Babylon, and the Disobedient City he called, but Enoch "was not found." At last, when he climbed to the mountain top, that Brigadier Pugmire was singing about, he beheld him and heard his testimony that he "pleased God." Others were pleaded with to come and get this experience. "You do look miserable down there," said the Colonel, "come up on the mountain-top."

Brigadier Pugmire then prayed, meeting, and one after another came forward until eight were seeking a "higher-up religion."

The Afternoon.

The afternoon meeting was full of enthusiasm. The Chief Secretary again had charge of the proceedings. Two large open-air meetings were held previously at the same place, well filled. Everybody looked happy. And why shouldn't they? The realization of the truth of the opening song, "Round us flows the cleansing river," was giving wings to the happy feeling into the heart of every Salvationist and Christian present, of whom there were a large number. Brigadier Gaskin and Major Southall prayed. The Male Chorus sang, "I'm a Soldier of the Cross," and the Staff Band contributed some excellent music. Different visiting officers were called upon to speak.

Adj. Combs, from Windsor, Ont., testified that he was present at our sixteen anniversary, and had attended sixteen similar gatherings. He was glad he was still a Salvationist.

Adj. Cave, from Moncton, Prince of Wales, testified that he was stationed at Barre, Vt., found joy and peace in the service of God. This was the first time he had had the privilege of attending our Annual Congress.

Staff-Capt. Rawling, Chancellor for the West Ontario Province, was pleased to be present. Over seventeen years ago the Staff-Captain sought salvation, and the privilege of attending the second Salvation Army anniversary in Canada, when the lot where the present Temple is standing was dedicated to God and the Army. He gave an interesting bit of his experience when he first met the Army in the early days. It was in a small building on Alice St., in the city of Toronto. He was visiting the city, and thought he would go and see the Army. The door-keeper greeted him with, "You can't come in here to-night; we've had enough of you around here," thinking, evidently, that he was one of a gang who disturbed the meetings. The Staff-Captain, however, pleaded to be allowed in, and at last, on condition that he would sit where he was put, the door-keeper relented and permitted him to show him to a seat. He was very much impressed by the testimony of a saved drunkard and his wife. Not long after this the Army came to his home, and he was saved.

Major Smeeton, the Provincial Officer for Newfoundland, read the 9th chapter of the Acts, and vividly portrayed the experience of Paul, at the same time pointing out the value of the man or woman with one sanction or purpose in life, is able to accomplish.

Brigadier Pugmire spoke of the gaps that have been made in our ranks by desertion and privation, and earnest appeal to them to take their place again, the meeting was brought to a close with one, who had never tasted of the love of God, kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.—E. W.

CORPS CORRESPONDENT'S PAGE.



Three Precious Souls:

Bridgetown.—After eight months' hard fighting, we have received a few well orders. We are glad to be able to say that our stay here has not been in vain. All glory be to God! We had the joy, last week, of seeing three precious souls meet Christ. They are doing well. Our Harvest Festival was a success.—C. McDonald.

Nine Souls—Great Improvements.

Burk's Falls.—The six-months-old baby-corps is growing fast. We have had quite a revival recently, and many have been captured from the enemy's ranks. We have a large and beautiful hall with a seating capacity of about three hundred, and good crowds attend the meetings. On the occasion of the Major's recent visit there was a steady downpour of rain, but a good crowd came. At the lantern service conducted by Ensign Perry, the hall was filled to overflowing, and the people pronounced it the best service of the kind they had ever seen. The Lieutenant has farwelled to supply at Sturgeon Falls. Nine souls have recently sought salvation. The officers are settling down in good new quarters, and are quite comfortable. The night club has a new flag and drum.—G. Marskell.

They Helped Nobly.

Channel.—We do not see many souls getting saved at present, but we are believing for a revival in the near future. Harvest Festival, which has been the tonic for a few weeks, is now a thing of the past, and I am glad to say we smashed our target. The people of Channel are not behind in helping.—E. Ashford, Capt.

Richly Blessed—Several Souls.

Charlottetown.—Sympathy with Bro. and Sister Ingram in the loss of their two young children, and with Sister Mrs. Forbes in the death of her father, aged 103. Charlottetown deputation to St. John Councils, Sisters Maggie Dover, Jean Calder, Emeline Worth, Bro. Job Ward, and "the man who spoiled the music." All of them richly blessed. Several souls since last report. Officers and comrades believing for still greater things in the days to come.—H.

Forteen Souls Seek Christ.

Dresden.—Before this report reaches the War Cry we shall have to pack our trunk and say good-bye to this place, but thank God our three months' work here has not been in vain. We have had fourteen souls in the fountain, eleven of whom were backsliders. God bless them and make them men and women after His own heart. Next Thursday we are having an extraordinary banquet in the S. A. barracks. Tea will be served from 5 o'clock to 8, after which there will be recitations, reading, singing, etc., and last, but not least, a speech on "How to be good-looking," by Capt. Jordinson.—L. M.

Good-bye to Faversham Circle.

We have received orders to farewell on Sunday, Oct. 27th, and be ready to proceed to parts at the present time unknown. During our stay we have enjoyed our work very much. Both comrades and outsiders have been very friendly, and ready to oblige us at any time. God bless them! Our Self-Denial and Harvest Festival efforts have been a success, and a number of souls have come to Jesus. We have had a visit from Ensign C. A. Perry, with his lantern service, "The S. A. in the Boer War." He was also here over Sunday, Oct. 20, Adj. O. Agilvie, paid us a visit Oct. 4th, which was enjoyed by all. We have bought a lot in the centre of the village and intend moving our Faversham barracks onto it for the present, and in the near future to build a new

barracks and quarters. Two weeks ago we enrolled one recruit, and last Sunday two more. Of course, these comrades are of the hood-and-dire type. Good-bye, Faversham, Ladybank, Henderson, Salem, and Ireland! Thank you all for your kindness, and may God bless you all.—Capt. Calvert and Lieut. Qualife.

Promptness.

Grand Bank.—Harvest Festival is over. The target is surpassed by 25 per cent. Thanks to the energy of the collectors, the liberality of the givers, and the promptness of both. God bless everybody.—E. Burry.

"Kinder Cold."

Grand Forks.—Dear old Ned, tell yer 'bout their time we've bavin down at the barracks this week. Kinder cold, but their soldiers been puttin up a sight harder fight. Crowds middlin all the week. Ten-night they hall wuz crowded, an we jest simply cow-hopped old Nic an made our hundy fast, but only one feller had out sand ter walk off an leave him even then. So the Lord rewarded him 'cordin ter his faith, an give him a proper salvation. Hallelujah! Lookin forward ter a time when their Lord will send 'long a revival. God bless our Army.—Bucksin Brady.

The Priceless Blessing.

Lewiston.—We have had a visit from Mrs. Staff-Captain Taylor, accompanied by her little daughter. We had good meetings, and all who came to hear our leader were delighted with her burning words of truth. One came for the priceless blessing of a clean heart, who, on Monday night, took his stand with us. We are sorry to report Capt. Miller's farewell, after three months' faithful work here. The Captain has had hard fighting, but we thank God for victory. She has our best wishes and prayers.—Wallace Sumpter.

A Great Victory.

Little Bay.—Our H. F. target has been smashed and a number of souls saved. It was a hard battle, but a great victory was won. With such a commander as Lieut. Burry, we are bound to win.—E. M. C.

Pay the Price.

London.—The summer campaign of open-air, etc., was very successful. God has wonderfully blessed us. The Fall and Winter opportunities are now before us, and the meetings are increasing in influence and numbers.

The unsaved are most defiant, standing out in face of light and conviction. We are going in for more boldness, and as a result we feel confident of victory. Several have come to the cross and some have returned to give God thanks, but so many fail because they do not pay the price. The Local Officers and comrades are determined to hold up our hands until the "flood gates open" and we reap a harvest of souls.—J. McGillivray, Adj.

The D. O.'s Visit.

Midland.—The long-looked-for visit of Adj. and Mrs. Burrows has come and gone, and left behind an influence for good. We had a banquet and meeting, which went off well. Everybody enjoyed the visit of our District Officers. Mrs. Burrows sang a very beautiful solo, which was much appreciated by the people.—A. Rose, Capt.

Life Experience Meeting.

Musgravetown.—Our soldiers' meetings are times of power, and we have felt much of the presence of the Lord. The holiness meetings are real heart-searching times. On Friday night, while on our knees singing, "Give me a heart like Thine," one dear sister came and gave herself to the Lord. Our meetings are well attended. The folks say it is like the opening times. Thank God for a move in the right direction. Conviction seems to be stamped on many hearts. Last night we had a life-experience meeting, and many told how their lives had been changed by the power of God. Father Steeds, who is now living on borrowed time, said that he always liked the people to shout and dance for the Lord. He often felt like dancing, but he was rather old for this now. This is a happy corps, even the Lieutenant has learned to dance since she came here. God bless her.—W. C. R.

The Prodigal's Return.

New Bay.—God is with us. Much of the Spirit has been felt in our midst during the past summer, and many souls have been converted. On Sunday, Oct. 15th, we had the joy of welcoming home from the ranks of the enemy, Father G. Thompson and Bro. A. Stuckless. Father had been a wanderer for five years, and Bro. Stuckless one year. We had a real happy time over the prodigals' return, and finished with a hallelujah wind-up.—D. B. Capt.

Five Souls Saved.

Orillia.—On Sunday we had the joy

of seeing five souls at Jesus' feet, in our after-meeting a man who had spent a great number of years in the service of the devil, made up his mind that he would start to serve God, and put his pipe and tobacco out on the penitent form, saying that he would give up all for God. We are still believing for more, and the prayer of our hearts is that God may give us souls. The victory is coming. We also had a visit from Adj. and Mrs. Burrows. Everyone gave them a good welcome.—M. J. Langridge, Cadet Lieut.

A Revival.

Ottawa.—We rejoice because God has been dealing with the unsaved. A real revival has broken out in our midst, and we have had some good cases of conversion. One, especially, was brought up to serve God by forms and ceremonies, knowing the meaning of the Bible or God. His testimony is bright. On Sunday evening Cadet Matthews farwelled for the Training Garrison, Toronto. May God bless him in his new field of labor. We had good meetings all day, and two souls, who had lost their love for God, were restored to His fold again. Also five sought God in the different meetings during the past week.—A. Frenah, Sec.

Pray for Our Comrades.

Pictou.—Since last report we have had a visit from Capt. and Mrs. Green, of Deseronto. For some time the Captain and his dear wife were stationed here, and were a great blessing to those who knew them. We were very glad to see them again. Ensign Pugh is improving, but sorry to say Capt. Randall has the fever now, and is at the hospital in Kingston. May God bless and cheer her, is the prayer of our hearts. Mrs. Ensign Pugh helped Capt. Randall with the meetings on Sunday. "Victory" is our motto.—Lillie Love, R. C.

Set Free to Serve.

Port Hope.—Specials have been the order of the day. Capt. Poole paid us a visit, and gave a lantern service, entitled, "Set Free to Serve." Ensign and Mrs. Bliss were also here, and the Ensign gave us a lecture of the Klondike. Both were enjoyed last week-end was good. We had crowds, and two souls in the fountain. Praise God!—J. C. H.

Wanderers Return.

Ridgetown.—We are still fighting on and having victory. For God! Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Graham, of Thamesville, spent the week-end with us. Had good crowds and grand meetings, and, best of all, one backslider returned to the fold. To God be all the glory!—Mrs. Capt. Huntington.

Loved by All.

Riverside.—We had a beautiful time on Sunday at the farewell meetings, though we were sorry to part with our officers, Adj. and Mrs. Walker, who have been with us for some months. They were loved by all the East-Enders. We pray that God will bless them in their new corps. The hall was crowded to the doors.—C. G. McCauley.

Platform Crowded.

Windsor, Ont.—God has been pouring His Spirit out upon us, and souls are being saved almost every week. Our platform is crowded with soldiers and converts. On Sunday afternoon five recruits were enrolled as soldiers under the good old Army flag, the Local Officers were commissioned, and one man was saved. At night we had a good march and open-air, and two more knelt at the Mercy Seat. Glory to God! We're bound to win.—T. Coombs, Adj.



Presentation of Addresses to the Duke of Cornwall and York in front of the City Hall, Winnipeg.

In Great Distress.

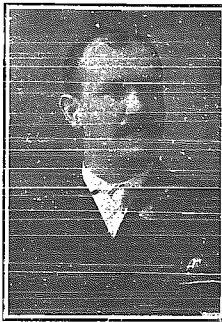
Snokomish.—Last night in the open-air we spied a nicely-dressed gentleman, who seemed to be in great distress of mind, and listened attentively to all that was said. He followed us to the ball, where he sat in deep conviction, listening to the prayers and song. After the meeting, in speaking with him personally, we found that he, at one time, had been a local preacher, but through the unfaithfulness of one he loved, he fell again in sin. As we pleaded for him at the Throne of Grace, and sent his conquering Spirit upon him, and, thank God, he once again laid all on the altar, and God saved him. Our earnest prayer is that God may let His choicest blessing rest on him, and that he may go forth determined to take up his cross and follow all the way. God grant that more may follow his example. Sunday morning we had several soldiers from Everett with us for the holiness meeting. In the afternoon we had a grand time in the open-air. Several of the Everett comrades joined, and a fine meeting was the result. Our collection was \$5, which was thrown on the drum with willing hearts. We appreciate the visit of our comrades, and give them a hearty invitation to come again. God bless Snokomish.—Capt. Ferroud; Lieut. Malcolm.

The Sunny Island of Bermuda.

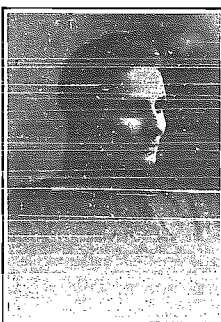
Somerset.—The Salvation Army opened here in the town of Somerset on Dec. 21st, 1897, under the leadership of Capt. Whitten and Lieut. Young. Our corps with numbers began to swell, and in a short time we had a strong band of converts. We have been plodding along with Christ at the helm since that time. We have sent three officers—two today are in the West India Islands, and one in Canada. One, also, has gone to Glory. Christianism, in other parts of the world have gone from this corps. Three months ago we had to leave the barracks and go under canvas. After about a month's camping out a little storm came and blew our tent to pieces, so we had to continue God's work in the open-air, which was very trying. That is when we proved God's work sufficient for us. The few of us kept hold of God, and He did help us, and today we are in a little building called the Eureka Hall. We are still determined to fight the battle through for God and souls, and are believing for a great victory in the future.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

Glad Hearts and Happy Lives.

Spokane.—We are able to report victory in our Harvest Festival effort.—Praise God! Our officers and comrades worked with a will, and though the time was extended to reach a successful issue, by the blessing of God we got the victory. We can always depend on the Spokane people to come to our help. Quite a number of our people were away, but our officers worked doubly hard, and their labors were rewarded. Mrs. Major Hargrave is over the serious part of her illness, though she is still far from being well. We pray that God may bless and strengthen her. Four souls for Christ this week, and our heart's desire is that He may bless our efforts in a



Bro. and Mrs. Thymne (nec Capt. Vance), recently married at Morrisburg, Ont.



special way. We can praise God that in our corps are some who came weary, worn, and sad, who to-day testify that their hearts are glad and lives happy.—Joe Logan, R. C.

"I Will Fear No Evil."

THE LAST DAYS OF ENSIGN PARKER.

Writing about the sudden promotion to Glory of Ensign Parker, Captain Thompson, who nursed him during the first days of his illness, writes: "From the first time I saw our departed comrade, at the Halifax Convent, nearly a year ago, I looked upon him as a good man and an original Salvationist, and always looked to his visit to my corps as a time of blessing. When I met him the last time, at Newcastle, at 2:30 a.m., he told me as he stepped from the train, that he felt sick, but thought it was only a slight cold. He got his lantern ready for the service, but just after starting, he asked me to finish the service, as he had to go and lie down; still he thought it wasn't anything serious. I went to Chatham the next night and conducted the service for which he had been announced there. When I returned, at 2:30 a.m., my wife had been staying up, and had called the doctor, who pronounced it typhoid fever. From that time I did my best to nurse him, for ten days and nights I never took off my clothes or slept a quarter of an hour at a time. As there was no hospital in the town we closed down our meetings and made everything quiet. After the above-mentioned time I was relieved by a nurse, who was with the Ensign till he died."

Ensign Williams, the D. O., who made all arrangements for the funeral, and brought the body to Gravenhurst, where the bereaved relatives live, stated that the Ensign asked, shortly before his death, that the 23rd Psalm be read to him. The words, "Though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," expressed his sentiment, for his Saviour was with him to comfort and sustain.

Ensign Williams sends the following comments:

"Through the promotion of Ensign Joseph Parker from the ranks of the Salvation Army here below to the reward of the faithful, we have lost a valuable and much-loved officer. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them; and while we laid all that was mortal of Ensign Parker in the family plot, in the Gravenhurst Cemetery his work lives on."

"May the lessons learned from our departed comrade's life and death be a means of encouragement to us to live as he lived, and die at our post."

"The aged father, at the graveside, expressed his gratitude to the Army for the interest they had taken, and the kindness shown in their hour of sorrow and bereavement. Let us pray that God will sustain all the bereaved ones."

POINTS OF COMPARISON.

To the ancients, the earth, as the abode of man, was great in a sense in which it is not great to us. The centre of the universe; that for which, to give it light, the sun, the moon, and the stars shone, it had to them a relative astronomical importance, quite out of keeping with our modern notions. It was a world (an unique distinction), and in their wildest dreams they never imagined another. They had no proper notion of the relative magnitude of the earth and the stars. To them the earth was colossal—the manifold arena of empires and states, vast in extent and importance; but, to us, with our exact knowledge, it is as a lump of matter, a rhythmic atom in unimaginable abysses of space. Monarchs and empires fade quite out of regard. Kings and peasants for comparison with the infinite are equal—both absurdly insignificant, supremely unaccountable, puny and vain.

WEDDING BELLS RING AT MORRISBURG

Considerable excitement and interest has been created at Morrisburg during the past few days by the announcement that a Hallelujah wedding was to take place at the Salvation Army barracks, on Oct. 15th. Of course there was much speculation as to who the interested parties were, but this was soon made known by the hand-bills and tickets, setting forth the name of Ex-Capt. Vance and Bro. James Thymne, of Burlington, Vt.

A nice crowd assembled to witness the ceremony which was conducted by Major Turner.

Capt. Liddell opened the meeting by giving out that beautiful song, "I've found a Friend in Jesus." While this was in progress the bridal party entered. The groom was supported by Capt. Ash, of Perth, while Capt. Magee attended the bride. The Major immediately took charge of the proceedings, and called upon Capt. Ash to pray. God's blessing was invoked upon the ceremony with hearty response from officers and soldiers. After a number of testimonies had been given, Capt. Ash solved "Oh, the love that sought me." Capt. Liddell delivered an appropriate little speech. Capt. Magee next spoke on behalf of the single young women. Of course, she is ever ready to do her utmost to help the single folks. Capt. Ash was next announced to make a speech in defence of the single men, which he did most satisfactorily.

The Major then read the Articles of Marriage, and asked our comrades if they were willing to be married on these lines to stand forth. The "I wills" were distinctly spoken, and the Major pronounced them man and wife. After the Major had prayed, asking God's richest blessing upon this union, the groom saluted the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Thymne took their seats well satisfied.

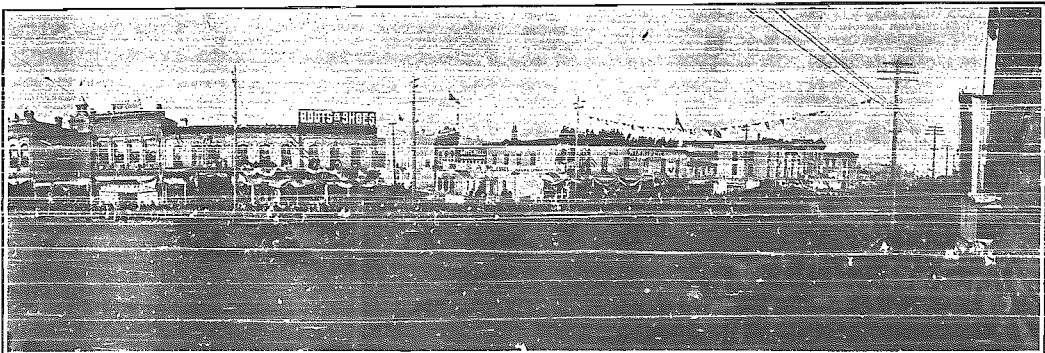
Bro. and Sister Thymne were soon called upon for a few words. Of course, Bro. Thymne was pleased to be present on this happy event, and expressed his determination to make Mrs. Thymne's life happy. Mrs. Thymne expressed her determination to be true to God and to put the interests of His Kingdom first.

Adj. and Mrs. Newman, the newly married couple from Cornwall, arrived on a late train, just in time to see the knot tied. The Adjutant spoke a few words and Mrs. Newman sang solo. The Major then read from God's word, giving our comrades some good advice, and making an appeal to the unsaved. Adj. Newman prayed, and the meeting was brought to a close.

The bridal party, soldiers, and friends made their way to the quarters, where a wedding supper had been prepared.

Mr. and Mrs. Thymne will take up their residence in Burlington Vt., and we wish them God-speed, and pray that they may have a happy voyage over the sea of life.—S. A.

Heartless prayers will find a heedless God.



The Ducal Visitors at Winnipeg.

This photo, published by kind permission of F. G. Burgess, Photographer, was taken just as the Royal Carriage passed the S. A. Steamer of Welcome.

* For Band of Love Workers. *

THE HYGIENE CLASS.

CHAPTER XII.

TEMPERANCE.

Forty Scientific Arguments Against the Alcoholic Habit.

5. Alcohol is a Poison to Plants.—Vital properties are pretty much the same in a general way, whether manifested by a mushroom or a man; and any substance which will destroy the life of a plant is not likely to be wholesome for human beings. If a plant be watered with a solution of alcohol, its leaves soon wither, turn yellow, and the plant dies, even when the proportion of alcohol is so small as one part in one thousand parts of water.

6. Alcohol is a Poison to Animals.—A tadpole dropped into a vessel containing alcohol dies in a minute. Leeches, and other small animals, succumb in like manner. Some time ago the writer tried an experiment with small minnows, the following description of which is quoted from a lecture:

"I made an experiment the other day with some minnows. First I put a minnow into a glass containing two teaspoonfuls of alcohol in a half pint of water. In five seconds it turned over on its back, in ten seconds it began to float toward the top, and in sixty seconds it was dead. I thought if I dropped another into a glass of pure alcohol it would die at once. I tried it, and the minnow lived for three minutes. Then I put a minnow on the table, and it lived for six or seven minutes. I determined that the reason for this curious result was that when the minnow was put on the table it simply died of suffocation. In the first case, where the fluid was about the strength of small beer, the minnow became saturated with the alcohol inside as well as outside, by taking it in through the gills, and thus died of alcoholic poisoning. In the

second case, the gills closed firmly as soon as the minnow was dropped into the alcohol, and it died because it could not breathe, just as the other one died when laid on the table. This might be taken to show that, in the case of the minnow, at least, moderate drinking is more fatal to longevity than hard drinking."

A New York journal reports a series of experiments by a French physician, on the influence of alcoholic liquors on fowls, as follows:

"He administered to them brandy and absinthe, and found one and all to take so kindly to their unwonted stimulants that he was forced to limit each bird to a daily allowance of six cubic centimeters of spirits, or twelve of wine. There was a rapid and general loss of flesh. The experiments were continued until it appeared that two months' abstinence drinking sufficed to kill the strongest fowl, while the brandy drinkers lived four months and a-half, and the wine bibbers held on for ten months before they died the drunkard's death."

The eminent Dr. Dujardin Beaumets, of Paris, has been engaged for some years in conducting experiments on the effect of alcohol on various animals, chiefly pigs, and finds it to be uniformly that of a poison.

A brilliant writer wittily says, "If lower animals were addicted to the drug to one-tenth the degree man is, in a short time there would not remain upon the face of the earth an animal which would be tamable, workable, or eatable."

7. Alcohol is a Poison to Human Beings.—Notwithstanding the apparent impunity with which diluted alcohol, in the form of various liquors, may be taken, pure alcohol is rapidly and certainly fatal when taken into the stomach without dilution. Cases of instant death from drinking a considerable quantity of strong liquor have often been recorded; and numerous cases of death from this cause are constantly occurring in every large city. As we shall show here-

after, alcohol in every form is still a poison, the rapidity of its effects being largely determined by the degree of dilution in which it is introduced into the system.

8. Alcohol is a Destructive Agent.—Aside from its poisonous character, using the word in the ordinary sense, alcohol is a destructive agent. When pure, it possesses properties closely allied to those of caustic, and when taken into the mouth occasions an intense burning. Applied closely to the skin, it speedily destroys it. This is exactly what would be expected of any chemical agent possessing such active properties.

9. Alcohol is an Irritant.—The irritating effects of alcohol are readily observed by placing a drop upon a raw surface, or in contact with some sensitive organ, as the eye. Even a very dilute solution will produce intense inflammation. Still more profound, though for the time less sensibly irritating, effects are produced when the alcohol is absorbed into the system and comes in immediate contact with the delicate internal structures of the body.

(To be continued.)

Major Turner's Week-End at Cornwall.

Adj. Newman and Captain Peddell United in Matrimony.

Having heard that an old friend, Adj. Newman by name, was going to be united in matrimony, also being acquainted with his intended, in the State of Vermont, I decided to take in the week-end meetings at Cornwall, conducted by Major Turner and Staff-Capt. Burditt, also see my friend through this most important ordeal.

"All aboard!" shouts the street car conductor, as our train steams into Cornwall station, and off we go. Hark! How beautiful that sounds—"He breaks the power of cancelled sin." The P. O.'s concerting seems to feel that this is God's message to man, and tries to speak the words as well as produce the sound of music. How

Full of Hope for the Despairing is this message, what a limitless fu-

ture of bliss and ecstasy this truth opens up to every fallen soul of man! Oh, that somebody may feel it, is my prayer to God, as I step into the open-air ring. A red-hot time is spent here, and while the evening gets touched up and began to dance in, young man, who, like the vain lady, had spent too much time at the glass, but he overstepped the mark, for the people around and not to hide their disgust. It proved also to be a powerful testimony as to what a foe the devil does make of one who is ruled by him. "Very special," shouts the boys' leader, "I shall follow up with announcements, and off we go to the barracks. A few moments and we are led off at a lively gallop, by the Major and his concertina, until everybody is trying to beat everybody else."

Sunday's Fight.

Intense earnestness characterizes the knee-drill, and looking upon the eager, pleading faces of my comrades, I am a little bit better, but the boys would surely never let those cries go unanswered, and thus it proved, for the Holiness message was grand. No soul could in any sense misunderstand the way to holiness, or the ignorance of God's requirements, after having listened to the Major's Bible lesson, through which the Holy Spirit was operating in mighty power, for hearts began to glow, and two supplicants lay at the Master's feet. The fire fell, the sacrifice was consumed. In the afternoon the elements did not seem very pleased, for their brows were dark and lowering, and heeding we got far from the barracks they poured out their wrath upon us, and we had to return disappointed. This did not deter the people from coming out to hear the Major deal with his novel subject. A local paper announced this address as a concise, straight, and powerful appeal to man's heart and mind, in dealing with this matter. The Major was blessed with great liberty and freedom for all hands sharp, piercing flashlights of truth flew, and a solemn awe rested on all present, as they were brought face to face with their future, but, like Agrippa, "almost persuaded," and the fiend of hell, dressed in angel's robes, got them to procrastinate.

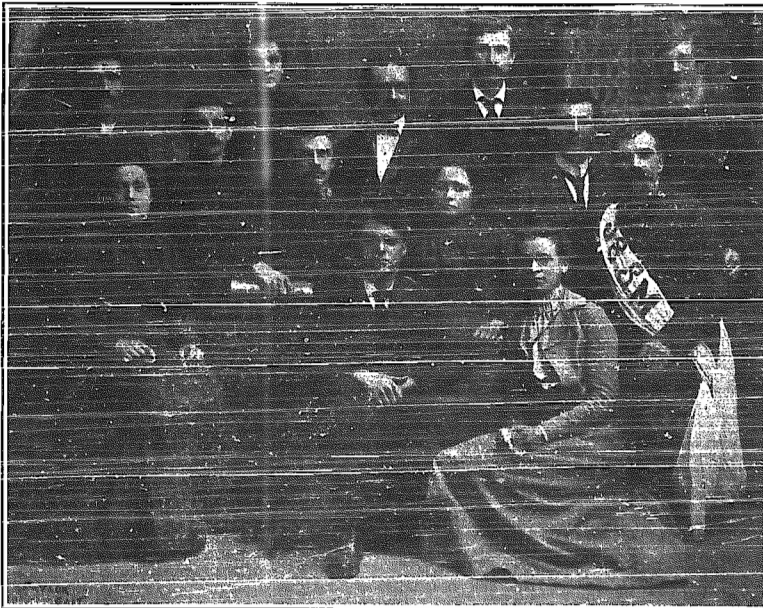
A good crowd had already got scattered in the barracks when we returned from the march at night. Jacob wrestled, so did our Cornwall braves, until the writer felt it an impossibility for that meeting to close upon the soul-agony of those warriors without souls. The P. O. takes up the Bible, the all-conquering God touches his lips, and living, burning, forceful truths fall and burst upon the crowd as a consequence, making it impossible for the wounded to escape, so that, ere we finished, we had the joy of registering two officers among the slain of the Lord. To God be all the glory, was our last thought and prayer as we passed into the Land of Nod.

The Wedding.

"What mean those cakes and pies, hams and turkeys?" asked a visitor. "Why," says a smiling sister, "our Adjutant is getting married to-night."

"I'm surprised," for a bridal party walks upon the platform, accompanied by Major Turner. The sisters had on white sashes, and Adj. Newman looked as pleased as my little boy does when he gets some candy. "Are you happy?" says someone. "Of course," says the Adjutant, looking over at Capt. Peddell with a beaming countenance. Everybody seemed to wait for a good time, as the hearty laughter showed, which followed some of the little incidents given by the Major in connection with his own married life. The Major then read out the Marriage Vows, and all concerned began to feel the solemnity of the vows taken in the Army ceremony under its colors; but Adj. Newman and Capt. Peddell, being devoted to the war, with a deep reverence for God, do not find it hard to fall in line with what ever demands of self-sacrifice and toll the interests of the Kingdom may entail, and so the "I will" is spoken, and they are declared man and wife. An enjoyable wedding banquet was held at the barracks. Great credit is due to Captain Bloss, Lieutenant Oldford, and the soldiers for the beautiful spread that was provided. Wishing my old friends every joy in their united career, I returned home, blessed, and inspired, and pleased that I was a Salvationist.—Visitor.

Galt J. S. Officers and Helpers.



Willie McCuen. Mrs. Gooding. Treas. McDougall. Father Edgerton.
J. S. Sec. Bro. Mitson. B. O. Allison. Sec. Schwartz.
Lient. Crafts. Colonel Jacobs. Ensign Hollett. J. S. S. M. Brett.
Bro. Geo. McDougall, Librarian. Sister E. Edgerton.



CURRELL'S COLLAPSE AND ARAB'S THREEFOLD SMILE



Arab has a good grin to himself. The Eastern Star has not risen this week, so Arab is the undisputed leader of the competition.

The Eastern Star informs us, on account of councils at St. John, the list of hustlers was not likely to mater-

What a pity! But Arab does not think so, evidently.

The North-West and Newfoundland lists are also absent this week. We are sorry to disappoint our boomers, but can't very well manufacture the lists out of the brilliant fabric of our imagination. However beautiful that would be, it might not make a pattern that matches well with the other lists.

Out of consideration for the absentees, we will not begin making any unfavorable comparisons.

Mrs. Adj. McGillivray this week has managed to surpass Lieut. Currell, of Hamilton. Mrs. McGillivray sold 300, while Currell has only 245 sales. This is another reason for the boundless delight depicted on Arab's countenance.

Then Adj. Cameron takes second place with 250, which adds a third explanation of Arab's hilarity. Poor Currell has really to take third place this week. Well, don't take it too hard, Nigger!

West Ontario Province.

Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, London	309
Capt. Cameron, Brantford	250
Capt. Maisey, Guelph	250
Mrs. Hulme, Woodstock	139
Ensign. Heilmann, Windsor	139
Ensign. Capt. Rock, Berlin	139
Capt. Gibson, Leamington	105
Capt. Hocken, Chatham	105
Ensign Gamble, Chatham	99
C.O. Hartcutt, Clinton	99
Capt. Knuckie, Pelee	88
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	88
Ensign Scott, Sarnia	87
Mrs. Capt. White, Simcoe	85
Capt. Benny, Norwich	76
Capt. H. G. Thomas	76
Ensign Hollett, Galt	75
Lieut. Craft, Galt	75
Lieut. Cook, Forest	75
Sister Lindsay, Stratroy	71
Ensign. G. G. Gault, Galt	65
Emma McDougall, Goderich	65
Mrs. Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Fyfe, Listowel	60
Ensign. Howcroft, Wallaceburg	60
Mrs. H. H. Hargston, Ridgeway	60
Cadet-Lieut. Talbot, Ridgeway	53
Ensign-Lieut. Talbot, Ridgeway	53
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	55
Capt. Horwood, Wingham	51
Capt. Huntington, Ridgeway	51
Capt. H. H. Hargston, Galt	50
Capt. White, Woodstock	50
Capt. Plant, Drayton	50
Capt. Copeman, Brantford	50
Lieut. West, Palmerston	49
Lieut. H. H. Hargston, Wexford	49
Lieut. Palmer, London	45
Lieut. Yeomans, Wallaceburg	44
P. S. M. Glover, Dresden	43
Adj. McGillivray, London	41
Lieut. Kennedy, Blenheim	41
Ensign. H. H. Hargston, Galt	40
Ensign. H. H. Hargston, Galt	40
Mrs. Garrod, Blenheim	36
Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler	37

Capt. Campbell, Seaforth	32
Sister Blackwell, Petrolia	31
Lieut. Greenwood, Theford	30
Capt. Dowell, Clinton	30
Capt. Coy, Strathroy	30
Mrs. B. J. St. Thomas	29
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	29
Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock	29
Capt. Jordison, Dresden	29
C.-C. Grace Cooper, Guelph	29
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	29
Capt. M. Jones, Ingersoll	29
Capt. Haley, Ingersoll	29
Adj't. McEarg, Petrolia	29
Faith Cooper, Guelph	29
Serg't. Ellis, Dresden	29
Capt. Williams, Palmerston	29
Mrs. Musgrave, Roxeter	29
Mrs. M. J. St. Thomas, Theford	29
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	29
Sister Henderson, Wingham	29
C. C. Bella Beach, London	29
S. M. Tremain, Listowel	29
Mrs. McGugin, Blenheim	29
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	29
Lillie Dickson, St. Thomas	29
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	29
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas	29
Maggie Bean, Wallaceburg	29
Maggie Wesson, Simcoe	29
Lieut. Adair, Hawker	29
Mrs. S. J. Virtue, Wingham	29
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	29
Capt. Law, Stratford	29
Mrs. Crawford, Bothwell	29
Lieut. Edwards, Bothwell	29
Lieut. McColl, Tilsonburg	29
Lieut. Tilsbury, Tilsonburg	29
Lieut. Bailey, Essex	29
Capt. Wiseman, Wingham	29

Central Ontario Province.

Lieut. Carroll, Hamilton I.	24
Lieut. Chas. H. Brown, Lippincott.	109
Cand. White, Barrie.	109
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines.	78
Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines.	78
Capt. Hanna, Collingwood.	78
Lieut. Hanna, Brimley Falls.	77
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Collingwood.	77
Mrs. Adj. Burrows, Barrie.	76
Mrs. Howell, Huntsville.	76
Capt. Marshall, Bracebridge.	50
S. S. Bradley, Temple.	50
Cadet C. H. L. Lippincott.	50
Capt. Stephens, Brampton.	50
Capt. Rose, Midland.	50
Lieut. Minnis, Midland.	50
Adj. Walker, Riverside.	50
Adj. B. E. Owen, Owen Sound.	50
Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket.	50
Capt. Stephens, North Bay.	50
Capt. Liddard, North Bay.	50
Capt. Brooks, Hamilton I.	50
Serg. Richards, Lindsay.	50
Cadet Lusk, Orillia.	50
Serg. Bowman, Temple.	50
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound.	50
Lieut. Marskell, Aurora.	50
S. M. Hinton, Oakville.	40
Capt. Cutting, Oakville.	40
Min. Jones, Huntsville.	40
Capt. Stollker, Riverside.	40
Capt. Carwardine, Little Current.	40
Lieut. Phillips, Little Current.	39
Capt. Little, Orangeville.	39
Or. Welchy, Orangeville.	39
Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls.	39
Bro. Gerow, Burk's Falls.	39
Ensign Bant, Brooklin.	39
Ensign Sims, Ligar St.	39
Serg. Bant, Ligar St.	39
Serg. Turk, Ligar St.	39
Cadet Hudgin, Lippincott.	39
Cadet Anderson, Lippincott.	39
Mrs. Palmer, Orillia.	39
Lieut. Palmer, Hamilton I.	39
Serg. Stephens, St. Catharines.	21
Corns-Cadet McCarney, Riverside.	21
Mrs. Hart, Ligar St.	21
Capt. Trecky, Orillia.	21
Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket.	21
Capt. Orillia.	21
Ensign Hide, Bracebridge.	21
J. Boyer, Bracebridge.	21
Mrs. Phillips, Ligar St.	21
Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.	21
Serg. Bant, Ligar St.	21
Harry Walker, Riverside.	21
Nellie Mitchell, Hamilton I.	21

Cadet-Lieut. Williams, Kinmount	24
Cand. Coutemanche, Norland	24
E. Thompson, Barrie	24
Sec. Nelson, Lindsay	24
Adft. Bale, Lindsay	24
Ethel Smith, Dovercourt	24

East Ontario Province

58 Huyster.	
Capt. Hickman, Pictou	160
C. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	122
Capt. Bradbury, Sherbrooke	120
Mrs. Raymo, Barre	100
S. M. Emerson, Ogdensburg	100
Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	90
Capt. W. J. Darling, Port Hope	80
Lieut. Hoole, St. Albans	80
Cadet Greenslades, Port Hope	80
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	80
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	70
Capt. W. J. Darling, Port Hope	70
Capt. Woods, St. Albans	80
Lieut. Ovey, Burlington	80
Mrs. Enslin Bloss, Peterboro	80
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	70
Capt. W. J. Darling, Port Hope	70
Capt. C. Green, Deseronto	70
Capt. Crego, Gananoque	60
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	60
Lieut. Holliday, Quebec	60
Ad. Munro, Barre	60
Lieut. Ludlow, Ammirip	60
Cadet Grainger, Ottawa	60
Sister Harbor, Ottawa	60
Capt. Hicks, Brockville	60
Lieut. Lewis, Napawa	50
Maggie Little, Newport	90
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	50
Lieut. Oldford, Cornwall	50
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	50
Capt. W. J. Darling, Port Hope	50
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg	30
P. S. M. Ries, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	30
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	30
Mrs. C. A. Forman, New Wood	30
Capt. Macnamara, Port Hope	30
Capt. Newell, Gananoque	30
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal IV.	30
Lieut. Wargh, Millbrook	30
Capt. Grosse, Coburg	30
Lieut. Delisle, Colborne	30
Sister Kane, Montreal I.	20
P. S. M. Marshall, Montreal II.	20
Mrs. Duwney, Kingston	20
Sergt. Vauclair, Montreal I.	20
Capt. Lewis, Montreal	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Capt. Bloss, Cornwall	20
Mrs. Collins, Cornwall	20
Mrs. Douglas, Cornwall	20
Capt. W. J. Darling, Port Hope	20
Ethel Morton, Campbellford	20
Sister Montgomery, Brockville	20
Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	20
Mrs. Dawson, Pictou	20
Mrs. Campbell, Pictou	20

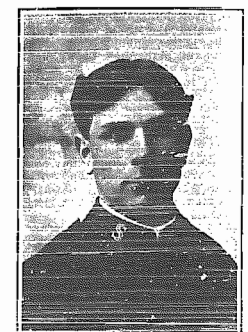
Pacific Provinces

41 Hustlers.	
Corps-Cadet Robinson, Rossland.	16
Lieut. Conant, Billings.	11
Capt. Fred, Custer, Missoula.	10
Sergt. Preston, Spokane.	10
Capt. Heatter, Helena.	10
Capt. Duthie, Victoria.	9
Capt. Rust, Victoria.	8
Capt. Capt. Dawson, Kailagell.	8
Sister Hannah Knudson, Nelson.	7
Sister Florie Pogue, Nelson.	7
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Vancouver.	7
Cadet-Lieut. Church, Nanaimo.	6
Ensign, George, Falls.	6
Capt. Walruth, Great Falls.	5
Capt. Charlton, Helena.	5
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Revelstoke.	5
Mrs. Terryberry, Vancouver.	5
Sister Daisy Smith, New Whatcom.	5
Capt. W. W. W. Spokane.	5
Capt. Cornish, Everett.	5
Capt. Dales, Everett.	5
Mrs. Tritt, Lewiston.	5
Capt. Jackson, Fernie.	5
Cadet-Lieut. Kutherford, New Westminster.	5
Westminster.	
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, New Whatcom.	4
Capt. Owe, Lewiston.	4
Capt. Quant, Livingston.	4
Sister McCormick, Spokane.	4
Capt. Scott, New Westminster.	4
Capt. Sheard, Nanaimo.	4
Capt. Wheeler, Vancouver.	4
Mrs. Capt. W. W. Spokane.	4
Sister Tillie Knudson, Helena.	4
Adjt. Blackburn, New Whatcom.	3
Lieut. Malcolm, Snohomish.	3
Capt. Hett, Rossland.	3
Capt. Perrault, Snohomish.	3
Capt. Tiffell, Dillon.	3
Mrs. Adjt. Dodd, Spokane.	3
Wallace Sumner, Lewiston.	2
The Klondike.	
2 Hustlers.	
Capt. Lloyd, Dawson City.	14
Capt. Wilson, Dawson City.	14



CAPT. B. GROOMBRIDGE, OF
BLENHEIM.

Previous to his conversion, Capt. Bert Groombridge was inclined to be rather wild and careless about his eternal welfare. One night, being rather a little the worse of liquor, he attended an Army meeting in the town of Wallaceburg, and there conviction seized him. A few nights after, Oct. 25th, 1896, he sought Christ, and found Him to the joy of his soul. He fought



Capt. B. Groombridge, Bienenheim, Ont.

faithfulness a soldier for over two years, and entered the Temple Training Garrison in October, 1899. He spent four months in the Garrison, and returned to his home in 1900, "graduated with honors" in the following February. He proved himself a very obedient, willing, and earnest soldier, and his officers and fellow comrades were very much impressed by the devoted life he lived while at the corps, and his jovial, good-natured and kind hearted, unassuming friends. Capt. Groves held him about as the best commands in the West Ontario Province since, with much acceptance. Previous to his present appointment, he had been in the corps since his labors were especially crowned by God's blessing. Blenheim, his present appointment, although reckoned by some as a "hard" place, is really under the able leadership of the Captain, and the prospects for the winter campaign are very encouraging in

A grand victory has just been achieved in the recent Harvest Festival effort. The target was more than double last year's amount, but it was left away behind, and our comrades are going to be amply repaid for their hard work in connection with the effort by having the barracks thoroughly renovated, and several improvements made.

The Captain is a good friend of the War Cry, and generally manages to dispose of a good number from time to time.

If time be of all things most precious, then wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.

Nothing worth keeping is over lost in this world; look at a blossom--it drops presently, having gone its service. And lasted its time; but fruits succeed, and where would be the blossom's place could it continue?

**IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE
WOMEN'S SOCIAL.**

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or other necessities for the children at the Rescue Homes. Parcels should be addressed (prepaid) to:

- "The Evangelical Home for Children," 45 Farley Ave., Toronto.
- "The Industrial Home," 46 Yonge St., Toronto.
- "The Women's Home," 74 Queen St., Toronto.
- "Ever Home," 2 Essex St., Toronto.
- "The Homestead," 55 St. James St., St. John, N.I.
- "The Home for Children," 400 St. Antonio St., Montreal, P.Q.
- "Fort Rescue," 450 Yonge St., Toronto.
- "The Bridge," 11 Winston St., Halifax, N.S.
- "The Home for Children," 100 St. John St., St. John's, Nfld.
- "Redemption Home," 10 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
- "Montreal Home," 65 Main St., L. Hamilton, Ont.
- "The Arctic Home," 100 St. George St., Battle, Mont., U.S.A.
- "Liberty Home," 70 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
- "Mercy Home," 122 Norfolk St., Vancouver, B.C., U.S.A.
- "Leah Hall," 7401 Warden, Women's Home, St. Catharines, Ont.

Highways that Lead to Happiness.



Friendship lies over a road to happiness. It was always my theory that a broad nature is capable of many true friendships. One friend appeals to you for one reason, another for some other. Friendships are the heart's library. The serious friend is the book of philosophy; the merry friend, the book of humor; the true friend, the poet, the author, and the historian still to be represented. Even as no book crowds another on our shelves, so no friend should crowd another in our hearts.

"But you will find friends insincere, and friendship but a name," predicted the pessimist. "You will suffer disillusionment, and it will be more bitter than any friendship you more than keep to yourself and avoid the awakening from a useless dream."

Still I pursue my course. I formed many ties of friendship. Some were broken, and I suffered; but one great truth came home to my heart, to keep there always. In being a true friend, and worthy of true friendship, lies the road to real, lasting happiness.

Pleasure Bought for Itself Proves a Burying Bubble.

When this consciousness became a part of my mental equipment, the disillusionments and disappointments of friendship ceased to be more than passing shadows on my life, and beautiful and beneficial associations increased with the years.

With an overwhelming desire for the pleasures of the world, I often found myself standing between two paths. One led to the enjoyment I craved, and the other to some stern duty which meant a sacrifice of the longed-for pleasure.

Whenever I chose the pleasure, I found it an "ignis fatuus" which vanished as I pursued it, and left me nothing but disappointment and remorse. Whenever I chose the duty, even in a rebellious spirit, and performed my task with hearty cheerfulness because my conscience, like a stern teacher, said I must, I was invariably surprised to find happiness greeting me before the deed was reached. So, as I continued along life's winding ways, I found the path of the nearest duty leading, with certainty, into the road of happiness, if persistently pursued.

Looking for the best quality in whomsoever I encountered, for the beauty in every face I saw, and for the pleasure in every experience of life, has proved a means of incalculable happiness to me.

When forced to see the ugly and disagreeable in anyone, I made a mental note of how one might be remedied and the other avoided; just as whatever was beautiful might, in some measure, be cultivated, and whatever was agreeable might be eliminated.

This gave me the very human satisfaction of criticizing my fellow-mortals, but at the same time helped me to seek for the good and the beautiful in them, rather than for the opposite qualities.

The Path of Duty is the True Highway to Happiness.

Whatever we seek, we shall find; and the pursuit will become fascinating. In everything which I studied, I found another road to happiness.

As life advances, I find my powers of enjoyment enlarging, and the opportunities for happiness increasing. I think this is greatly due to the fact that I have cultivated my naturally optimistic temperament.

Expect to be happy! That is the first step in the journey to your goal. Expect to arrive!

Believe Your Creator is All Love, and that He is holding health, happiness, and plenty for your enjoyment here, where He placed you, on earth.

Pray often, and think much of the world of beautiful, loving angels, who care for God's children.

Believe that you are never alone. Inexpressible happiness will be found to lie in this thought.

Do your nearest duty first, no matter how trivial, or mean, or disagreeable it may seem. Yet be certain it is your duty, before you sacrifice other

GOOD, WHOLESOME READING FOR THE COMING ARMY.

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A Hard Fought Fight.
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One Day.
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East and West.
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Michael's Treasures.
Sing a Song of Sixpence.
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Norah Fairholm.
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Doctor's Little Dot.
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The Nightingale.
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Dick's Retriever.
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The Launch of the Victory.
Abby Black.
Freda's First Lesson.
Tim's Basket.
Joe's Partner.
The Amulet.
The Little Lace-maker.
His Own Master.
The Little Musicians.
The Little Root.
Dorothy's Venture.
Kenneth's Charge.
Maggie's Nest.
The Coral Necklace.
Rhoda's Victory.
Edmond Darkie.
Tim Lissen's First Shilling.
Only a Little.
The Lost Rabbit.
The Victory.
Uncle Dick's Story.
The Star Boys.
The Truant Kitten.
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Old Umbrella.
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A Boy's Will.
The Christmas Stocking.
Aunt Jane's Hero.
Little Browns of Hollow Glen.
Scrap's Charge.
Busby Bee.
Dorice.
The Astray.
Under the Deep Blue Sea.

things which might prove of greater moment. For instance, I recall people who assured me my duty was to stop scribbling and relieve the elder members of the family in the housework. Fortunately this advice did not come from within the home, but from without. I did not heed it. I continued "scribbling," and was able to do far more for my parents, in a few years, than I could have done in a lifetime scribbling at the kitchen. Let your own conscience decide for you what your duty is. It rarely deceives.

Be careful in your choice of books, and form a habit of reading good literature, and of thinking about what you read.

Find out, as early as possible, what you can best do, and do it with all your might, and

Expect to Succeed,

no matter what obstacles you may encounter. Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like, like what you have until you can change your environment.

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life; find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying, while you keep steadily at work to make it what you desire. Be happy over something, every day for the brain is a thing of habit, and you cannot teach it to be happy in a moment, if you allow it to be miserable for years.

Make yourself worthy of true friendship, and, and if any of these emotions seem to prove ephemeral, remember, they were not the realities—the real ones will come to you, since you are worthy.

Acquire all the knowledge and accomplishments possible, and enter into studies and sports with all your energies. They help to round life out, and to keep the mind's eye with varied diet, while they open new doors of pleasure and enjoyment.

Form a habit of trying to do some little act to add to the comfort and pleasure of some living thing—man or beast—every day of your life. If you do no more than to feed a starving cat, speak kindly to a lost dog, or loose the cruel check of a misused horse, you have traveled a step toward happiness, and have not lived the day in vain.

Aim to Excel, but Welcome Emulation.

Practice doing your best, but do not be miserable if someone excels you. Be willing to be your own best self, which is all that is required of us. A full pint measure is as full as a full quart. Look for the best in people and in life. When the worst presents itself, remember that it is on another side. Wait, and it will appear.

Teach yourself early in life to be glad of another's success, sorry for another's failure. The moment you entertain the opposite feeling, you invite ultimate disaster to your life. The thoughts you send forth will come to you as events, finally. Thought is the main road to happiness. As you think, so shall your life be. Circumstance and environment are changed by intense thought-action. Happiness comes mainly from neither. Every day we hear and read of successful men and women, judged from the worldly standpoint, who are miserable and unhappy. The suicide of the rich and prosperous is too common. Nevertheless, prosperity, friendship, success, and, best of all, love, add greatly to the happiness of a happy mind.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

True prayer in the heart makes it the home of praise.

"The condition of obtaining God's full blessing is absolute surrender to Him. . . . You know, in daily life, what absolute surrender is. You know that everything that is given up to its special definite object and service, I have a pen in my pocket, and that pen is absolutely surrendered to the one work of writing, and that pen must be absolutely surrendered to my hand and I am to write properly with it. If another holds it partly I cannot write properly. And now, do you expect that, in your immortal being, God can work His work, every day and every hour, unless you are entirely given up to Him? God cannot."—Andrew Murray.



HOLINESS.

AS I AM BEFORE THY FACE.

Tune.—How will you do? (B.J. 174).
As I am before Thy face, Saviour,
I pray;
Let the merits of Thy grace claim
me to-day.
Gnest Thou my poor treasure take,
And my heart Thy temple make?
Can my sins for Thy dear sake, be
washed away?

As I am, my griefs I lay down at Thy
feet;
Stoop to kiss my tears away, Lord, I
entreat.
None but Thine own hand can heal.
None but Thine own eye reveal.
All I want and all I feel; Lord, let
me come.

As I am so tired of strife, Lord, let me
come;
As I am, for death or life, Lord, let me
come.
Crowds of fears obstruct my way
Past defeats would bid me stay,
Yet in child-like faith I pray, Lord, let
me come.

All my past is known to Thee, Lord, let
me come.
All my future Thou canst see, Lord.
Let me come.
Take me, I can trust my all
In Thy hands, whate'er befall.
Then no tempest shall appal; Lord,
let me come!

WILT THOU, LORD?

Wilt Thou, Lord, through each
temptation,
By that blood-bought grace of
Thine,
Spotless keep me, never failing,
Constant victory ever mine?
To be holy, can I claim Thy strength
Divine?

Yes, I'll dare to trust Thy promise.
On Thy mighty arm I'll lean;
Victory every step shall follow.
With my soul each moment clean;
Perfect triumph, through the lowly
Nazarene.

Thou dost come, Thou mighty Spirit,
For my heart, with love aglow,
Promised strength by faith receiving.
Burns with holy fire just now;
Blessed Saviour, now Thy risen power
I know.

REJOICING AND EXPERIENCE

FIGHT ON, FIGHT ON.

Tune.—Stand up for Jesus (B.J. 23).
Fight on, fight on for Jesus! ye
soldiers of the cross;
Lift high the royal banner, it
must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory His Army
shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and
Christ is Lord indeed.

Chorus.

The day of victory's coming, 'tis com-
ing by-and-by,
When to the cross of Calvary all
nations cry shall fly.
We're soldiers in the Army, we'll fight
until we die.
For the day of victory's coming by-
and-by.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus, the tramp-
et call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict in this
His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger, and
strength to strength oppose.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus! stand in
His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—ye dare
not trust your own;

Put on salvation armor, and watching
unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger, be never
wanting there.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus! the strife
will not be long;
This day the noise of battle, the next
the victor's song;
To him that overcometh a crown of
life shall be;
He, with the King of Glory, shall reign
eternally.

SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

I have a song I love to sing.
Since I have been redeemed;
Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King.
Since I have been redeemed.

Chorus.

Since I have been redeemed, (I repeat)
I will glory in His name,
Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in the Saviour's name.

I have a Christ that satisfies.
Since I have been redeemed;
To do His will's my highest prize.
Since I have been redeemed.

I have a witness bright and clear.
Since I have been redeemed;
Dispelling every doubt and fear.
Since I have been redeemed.

I have a joy I can't express.
Since I have been redeemed;

Alas through His blood and righteous-
ness,
Since I have been redeemed.

I have a home prepared for me,
Since I have been redeemed;
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since I have been redeemed.

SALVATION.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

Tune.—Why not to-night? (B.J. 131).
Oh, do not let the world depart,
Or close your eyes against the
light;

Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time!—ah, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

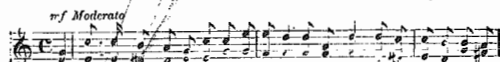
WONDERFUL LOVE!

Tune.—Sovereignty (B.J. 220).
Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder
tree?

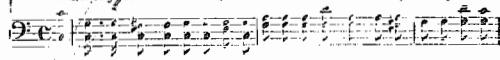
What means that strange, expiring
cry?

Backslider, Come Home.

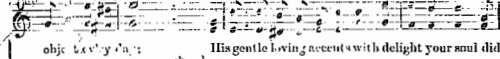
Words and Music by C. J. B.



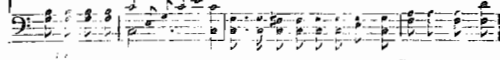
Oh, once you loved the Saviour, and to do His bidding will you—your only aim and



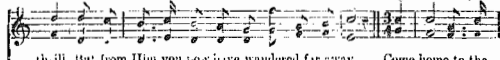
His gentle living need with delight your soul did



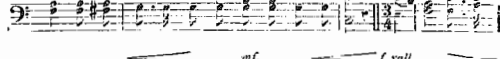
thill, But from Him you have wandered far away. Come home to the



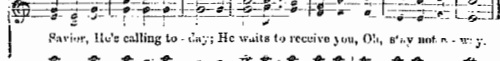
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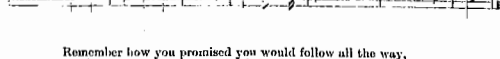
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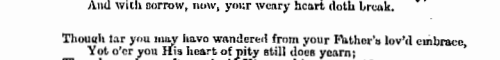
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thill, But from Him you have wandered far away. Come home to the

Sinners, He prays for you and me—
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!"
They know not that by Me they live!

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thou, by Thy painful agony;
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and
thame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my
tears,
The story of Thy love repeat
In every dream, since's ear,
That all may hear the quickening
sound,
Since I, O'en I, have mercy found.

SOLO OF THE WEEK.

Tune.—I've washed my robes (B.J. 135).
My robes were once all stained
with sin,
I knew not how to make them
clean.

Until a voice said, sweet and low,
"Go wash, and make them white as
snow."

Chorus.

I've washed my robes in Jesus' blood,
And He has made them white as snow.

That promise, "Whosoever will,"
Included me, includes me still;
I came, and ever since I know
His blood has washed me white as
snow.

I do not doubt, nor do I say,
"I hope my sins are washed away,"
For in His word I read it so—
His blood, it cleanses white as snow.



Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT AND CAPT. LeDREW
Will visit Cobourg, Thurs. Nov. 7th,
to Thurs. Nov. 14th.

Red-Hot Revivalists.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND HIS
ASSISTANT

Will visit Guelph, Thurs. Nov. 7, to
Mon. Nov. 18; Hespeler, Wed. Nov.
20, to Mon. Dec. 2; Temple, Fri.
Dec. 6, to Thurs. Dec. 19.

THE WEST ONTARIO SOUL-SAVING TROUPE

Will visit Norwich, Nov. 8 to 13, in-
clusive; Simcoe, Nov. 19 to 23, in-
clusive; Tilsonburg, Nov. 29 to Dec. 3;
Ridgeway, Dec. 10 to 13; Blenheim,
Dec. 20 to 30; Leamington, Dec. 31 to
Jan. 9; Essex, Jan. 10 to 20; Windsor,
Jan. 21 to 30.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make
their Wills, and desire to help the
work of the Salvation Army.

THE first donations of some funds have been made to the
Salvation Army, and the work of the Army is being carried on
in a most successful manner. In consequence of the fact that the
Army is a charitable institution, and the work of the Army is being
carried on in a most successful manner, the Army is a charitable
institution, and the work of the Army is being carried on in a most
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